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A LANDSMAN'S LOG-BOOK.

BY
"VAGRANT."



ST. JOHN, N. B.
J. & A. McMILLAN, 98 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.
1888.

NOTE.

SOME of the following Sketches and Reports have already appeared in the *Chronicle* and *Herald* newspapers, of Halifax, N. S.

I have reproduced them free from material alteration or addition thereto, although, in the compilation of my Log-Book, the temptation to correct and revise was great.

The contents of "A Landsman's Log-Book" may not wear the freshness of novelty, but they may enable readers to realize again the scenes of the past.

V.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the Year 1888,

By JOHN T. P. KNIGHT,

In the Office of the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa.

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PREFATORY.

How calm and quiet a delight
It is alone

To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended, nor offending none;
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
And pleasing a man's self, none other to displease.

— Cotton.

I HAVE seen it somewhere written that to a person whose age extends beyond the period of youth, a retrospect of his early connections and friendships cannot but suggest melancholy and mournful reflections. To clip from newspapers and magazines the following reports and sketches of what were at one time current events; to read, and then retouch with a loving hand some incident of an almost forgotten past, is to indulge in a *retrospect* of the brightest and best period of my life—the years passed in Halifax. And yet I find no suggestion of melancholy, and no trace of mournful reflection in the task I have assigned myself.

The walls of this my smoking den and study are papered with pictures calculated to assist my memory—and stimulate my fancy—as I write of absent friends and try to pick up from tangled recollections of the past fifteen years the thread of events with which these pictures and photographs are inseparably connected.

These newspaper clippings, play bills, *menu* cards, yachting programmes, and cricket fixtures, lead me into a veritable dreamland of delight. Even in the incidents of a quiet and uneventful life may be found the material for a log-book, the perusal of which, in after years, will delight not only the writer, but those of his acquaintances and friends who are familiar with the places, people, and incidents referred to therein.

It is with the hope that my acquaintances may desire to preserve some of the newspaper reports of a "special correspondent," that I venture to entrust my Log-Book to a friendly publisher, and, in doing so, I desire to dedicate these clippings from old newspapers, etc., to a quintette of very useful members of the *Wanderers Amateur Athletic Club*, Messrs. BLACK, STEWART, STAIRS, MORROW, and LITHGOW, of the 1887 Committee, whose work in the interests of that club I, as one of its original members, have warmly admired.

JOHN T. P. KNIGHT.

Woodstock, N. B.,
June, 1888.

A BIT OF BERMUDA.

I AM assisted in recalling visits to the Bermudas by two or three simple circumstances which writers, whose imaginations are fired by their surroundings, and whose thoughts and fancies are stimulated thereby, will readily understand.

The rush of water along a creek near the window of my room, and the noise of the machinery of a lumber mill, recall the steady thumping of the engines of the Cunard steamer *Beta*, the stillness of the rest of my little world being unbroken save by the occasional crowing of a distant rooster. The first accompaniment to my thoughts revives memories of voyages to Bermuda, the second shrill clarion, as it splits the silence, transports me to the verandah of the Hamilton Hotel, Bermuda, where on moonlight nights I have sat wondering at the quietude of those islands out there on the ocean, and have dreamed of a very different future to that which my present lot promises, until some lawless, time-defying rooster, bugler to the army of fowldom all over Bermuda, would disturb my reverie, and with one long crow arouse a hundred echoes from as many poultry camps.

It was in 1882 that business carried me for the first time to Bermuda. Of the voyage to the islands, too much neglected by Nova Scotians in search of recreation ground, it is not my intention to write. It has been my lot during a hitherto busy life to make many journeys by land and sea, and some of them have not been uneventful; but an army of writers, clever and otherwise, have described in books of travel and adventure all that is apt to befall ordinary passengers.

The object of this sketch is to draw attention to what may be seen and done in Bermuda. Have you, my chance acquaintances, ever read Mark Twain's "Idle Excursion?" When reading in the Bermudas the account of the American humourist's visit to the islands, I realized how much of the enjoyment of perusal of the same writer's "Innocents Abroad" must be lost to those who have not been able to travel through Europe after the fashion of the passengers of the steamer *Quaker City*. How much must the humour and quiet satire of Mark's description of the Turkish lunch be heightened for those who have partaken of such a meal, and how much more crooked must that street in Damascus seem to those who have

wandered through its mazy labyrinths, and then read the allusion to a possible sense of humour in that apostle who wrote of it as the street *called* straight.

I make this reference to the "Innocents Abroad," because I feel that justice has not been done to the book by those who regard it as a volume of fun alone and not as a guide book to things worth seeing and also remembering when doing Europe.

So, in the same way, in the pages of "An Idle Excursion," underlying the humour therein, is a faithful record of what every visitor to the Bermudas should see and observe closely, each in his or her own fashion, during a visit to those islands of sunshine and flowers.

I find on the back of a photograph of the islands, purchased in 1882, and sent to a dear friend, these, my first recorded impressions of the Bermudas:

"This view merely gives you an idea of a group of islands as you see them from the top of a high tower, and does not convey to the mind the slightest impression of the almost marvellous colors of sea and sky, and the really eye-dazzling effects of the white roads, whiter houses, brilliant plumaged birds of scarlet and blue, and sweet-scented roses of every shade of pink and red. Bermuda is something more than the market garden of New York and Boston. 'Tis the home of a people far removed from the cares of daily business; troubled with letters only once in a fortnight; knowing nothing of telegrams from neighboring cities and cablegrams from abroad; and in all the indolence begotten of seclusion and sunshine, breathing an atmosphere so full of ozone (and onions, when in season), that the natives live to a disgracefully old age, and a death seems such a rarity that the relatives of a Bermudian who does contrive to run the risk of reaching a better land usually contrive to pop the foolhardy traveller out of sight 'neath the cedar trees ere his friends are able to assemble for the funeral. To expire at 4 a. m. means a planting of the expired one at noon sharp. But the place is so aggravatingly pretty that I can almost imagine a hardy Northerner might in time be found longing for the pine woods, the rivers, and the grey tints of Canadian scenery."

And now let me tell of the Bermudas as I first saw them after a voyage of four days from Halifax, N. S. After crossing the Gulf Stream we had given tweed clothing and overcoats into the custody of bedroom stewards, to be stowed away until our return, and we appeared on deck in all the summer glory of light clothing and straw hats. It was early morning, and the sea and sky were of uniform blueness, so peculiarly beautiful that I have never seen the same faithfully reproduced by any artist save my

friend Riley, who, living in Bermuda for some years, had time to wander along the southern shore, and in perfect quietude study the Bermudian waters as contrasted with the grey rocks, the dull green of sage bush, stunted cedar, and wild grape trees which lend to this part of the islands a romantic attractiveness quite indescribable.

As I reached the deck, I saw that the steamer's bridge was occupied by a burly black pilot who had boarded the vessel full twenty miles from the treacherous reefs, the outer edges of which we were said to be fast nearing.

Away in the hazy distance was Bermuda. Seen from the deck of a vessel, on a calm, sunny morning, the clump of islands looked like a big white table-cloth dropped down on the blue ocean.

I have listened to many discussions about the Bermudas. I have heard them described as a pinnacle of the lost Atlantis; as a table land of coral, supported on pillars likely at any moment to be undermined by the action of the waves; as a ledge of rocks, into the crannies and crevices of which enough wind-blown soil has settled to give earth room to the crops of onions and tomatoes; as a three-years' prison house for marching regiments of the British army; as the winter station of the North American Squadron of the English fleet; as an El Dorado for photographers.

Bermuda may be any or all of these. But these lovely islands are also to tourists and occasional visitors, during the months of March, April, and May, a veritable fairy-land—a region of perpetual delight to the eye, and pleasure to the other senses.

Stay beside me on the deck of the *Beta* and look at the ever-changing scene as we thread our way through the winding buoy-marked channel leading into St. Georges. Nearing the coast, we can gaze down into the blue water to such a depth that it would hardly surprise one to see the bottom of the ocean, with its wealth of coral caves and marine plants, and the mermaids of song and story. And what is this? Can anything be more soothing to the senses of a Northern visitor to these Southern waters, accustomed, as he is, to the grey and neutral tints of everything—breezy-looking clouds, and dark, foam-tipped waves—than to behold (as he rounds the first promontory of rock, with its single cedar tree silhouetted in sharp outline against the cloudless background), a surface of unbroken blue water, hardly rippled by the softest of summer air, and then to observe rising out of this wonderful water what looks, when seen from the deck of a ship just entering port, like a town built out of white marble.

And now we are alongside the quay, and a landing stage is constructed by the running out of two immense beams by an army of colored men, who, straddling the same, are soon engaged in planking a gangway for passengers and cargo by lashing boards from beam to beam.

If the editor of this paper would permit me to so encroach upon his space, I would like to describe some of the street scenes of St. Georges—the donkey cart driven by a loquacious colored lady of uncertain age but no uncertain bulk, whose work in life is the carting of luggage to the hotel; the sun-browned subaltern, who has just strolled down to meet "Jones of Ours" and condole with that poor youth upon having to put in his time in such a "blasted hole" as Bermuda; the colored urchins lolling about in the sun, a group of picturesque idleness carved in ebony, and clothed in a little cotton and a lot of straw; the barouche filled with happy looking American tourists, who have just driven across the causeway from Hamilton to "do" St. Georges after the systematic way of their sight-seeing countrymen; some foreign sailors from that Italian barque seen in the stream as we entered, one of the numerous "lame ducks" driven into Bermuda by stress of weather.

But I must hasten to Hamilton. For the information of any one contemplating a trip to Bermuda let me here say that the tourist whose landing place chances to be St. Georges cannot do better than to see St. Georges before starting for the only other town, Hamilton, in reaching which, by carriage, he will pass across the celebrated Causeway.

During the visitor's sojourn in St. Georges, and the ride to Hamilton, he will obtain ample evidence of the historical interest attaching to the Bermudas as one of the oldest of the Crown Colonies.

* * * * *

What small souls editors have? I purposed including in this article a description of all the places of interest in and about Bermuda. And here is the editor of the "Queerboro' Review" reminding me that his columns are not a hundred yards long.

I wanted to quote Twain's description of Hamilton by night; his reference to the value of the onions in the eyes of good Bermudians; his whimsical regret over his inability to pick overshoes off the india rubber tree; and the distress of his friend over the whiteness of Bermudian roads.

And then I purposed adding to the notes of "An Idle Excursion" the discoveries of one who knows Bermuda better than even the observant Mark Twain.

Yes, but for this obdurate editor, I could grow warm again in praise of the bits of Fairyland discoverable during rambles through Pembroke and Warwick, the glories of the palm trees, and the "burning bush"—a tree, when in full bloom, resembling a large umbrella of the most flaming red tint; the view from Gibb's Hill Lighthouse, from whence one sees the vast ocean in all directions, and far, far below, the small islands comprising the Bermudas; the extraordinary caves; the once celebrated Dry Dock at Ireland Island; and the rainbow tinted angel fish, to be seen in the pond at the American Consul's.

I also wanted to tell of the speedy Bermudian yachts, and of the very interesting races I have witnessed between the *Julia*, *Emerald*, *Nameless*, *Dauntless*, *Undine*, and other ancient flyers.

I could have made a pen-picture of the finish of that race for a Cup given by the Princess Louise during her residence at Bermuda, when, after sailing the usual triangular course of 12 miles, three of the 'Mudian sloops rounded the stake-boat at the finish so close together that a special committee had to be appointed to decide "what boat won." And how yachtsmen the world over will whistle to hear that the winning yacht of the race referred to was only seventeen feet along the keel, and yet carried a forty-two foot mast on the day of the race, and had her mainsail laced thereto.

However, let me, before I close my eyes upon the beauty of Bermuda, recall a bit of the South Shore. Whenever my mind travels back to Bermuda all other recollections of the islands and people fade away when a bit of the Southern Shore, dear to artists and lovers of the beautiful, passes before my mental vision. I am familiar with the coast scenery of several countries, and yet, when I recall what I have seen—the white cliffs of Dover, near my birth place, on the coast of Kent; the stretches of yellow sand at some seaside resorts across the English Channel; the quaint shore line of Holland; the rocky outline of Newfoundland; the sand hills at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, Virginia; the really pretty bays and inlets seen from Blair's coach when driving from Halifax to Mahone Bay in July—all these are forgotten when that bit of Bermuda, the "South Shore," is referred to.

How few are the visitors to Bermuda who, during their stay at the "Hamilton" or the "Princess," discover the delightful resorts to be found on the South Shore.

On my first visit to the islands, I walked from Hamilton to the spot I want to describe. Leaving a lane shaded with overhanging trees, and

fringed on either side with oleander bushes, save where low stone walls overgrown with feathered ferns and cushioned moss marked the boundary of some estate, I struck a footpath through a grove of cedar trees, and, skirting one of the onion patches found all over the islands, saw before me a tangled growth of wild grape trees, and then a scene which no dream of the tropics described in song or book of travel can ever efface.

Stretched out before us lay the sea, blue, nay, bluer than the sky above, its sheeny surface free, far as the eye could reach, from sign of sail. Down at the base of the rocks, twenty feet below, was a long stretch of sand, upon the soft surface of which we almost expected to see traces of the marvellous blueness of the surf lazily breaking at long, long intervals. The air was heavy with the tropical warmth and quivering with the murmur of the sea. As I recall the south shore of Bermuda, I sigh in sheer happiness. What nests we found there! Caves formed by the overhanging growth of the wild grape trees shutting out some of the glaring sunlight and bathing the delicious scene in a mellow shade as we lay like renegades from civilized life, and with half-shut, dreamy eyes fixed on the everlasting sparkle of the ocean, pulled at our pipes and regretted that we could not dwell for ever (or at least until dinner time) in such a home as this bower of wild grapes on the south shore of Bermuda. Alas!

VAGRANT.



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VAGRANT.

During the Summer celebration of the Jubilee at Halifax, N. S., I sought and obtained permission as correspondent for the *Morning Chronicle* to view the bombardment of Halifax by a corvette and torpedo boats from the deck of the former.

THE NAVAL DEMONSTRATION.

AS SEEN BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT ON BOARD THE ATTACKING CORVETTE "PYLADES."

THE grey mist covering land and sea promised ill for the success of yesterday morning's manœuvres of the Navy and Royal Engineers. But those who desired to see a realistic rendering of the approach of a hostile fleet into our harbor must admit that the weather was suited to the occasion—for no sensible enemy would choose a clear, sunshiny day to steal into a harbor protected by forts, and known to be guarded by lines of torpedoes and submarine mines. So much in defense of the clerk of the weather for dealing out fog and coldness to our pleasure-seekers of yesterday.

Your correspondent, armed with a card of introduction to Captain Rolfe, of the *Pylades* (the smallest corvette on the North American station), boarded the attacking vessel at 9 a. m. The Admiral and a few expected guests from the York and Lancaster regiment had not arrived, and I had ample opportunity to glean information concerning the programme of proceedings, and to enjoy the preparations for the part we were to play in the mimic bombardment of the city and forts. Halifax looked pretty in the dull shadows of the foggy morning, and the grey horizon only served to accentuate the outline of MacNab's and Georges Islands, and to throw out in bold relief the martello tower, known as Meagher's Beach lighthouse, reposing like a grim and grey sentinel of the past to remind us of the harbor defences of the day when the good Queen ascended the throne, fifty years ago.

About 9.20 a few launches shooting to and fro, having in tow the countermining barges, told of our approaching departure, and soon afterwards a few officers of the York and Lancaster stepped on board to view the proceedings from the quarter-deck of the *Pylades*. Meanwhile the *Canada* and flagship *Bellerophon* are resting calmly at anchor on the waters astern of us, and form a pretty picture with their tapering yards and lofty spars cutting the cold mist curling gracefully above and around their

black hulls. About 9.30 Captain Rolfe signalled for orders, and back flies the reply from the Admiral, "Don't wait," so that we are off punctually on our errand of destruction—for the men of the *Pylades* are determined, and the city and its protectors are doomed.

We are off! The shrill whistle of the boatswain is followed by the roar of his voice sending some order, unintelligible to a landsman, reverberating forward. A rush of barefooted blue-jackets aft, and some spare cordage, etc., is stowed away, a yard braced further aft, or a gun carriage slewed to a new angle. At 9.35 punctually, the signal "Prepare aloft for action" makes the corvette's deck a scene of activity such as people ashore can hardly picture, even when described by the brush of an artist or the pen of an experienced journalist. A dozen men lower the top-gallantmasts in such speedy manner that one is set wondering if the *Pylades* has shipped a picked crew to astonish the handful of visitors on her deck.

As we proceed down the harbor we pass the French warship. She is *en deshabille*, and does not look belligerent. It is evidently her washing day, and the evidence of this peaceful pursuit flutters in rows of sailors' garments from her for'ard rigging. Then we pass the antiquated *Mic-Mac*, showing a bold bow, stern, or broadside (we can't tell which) lined with people, and then the pretty *St. Pierre*, loaded with sightseers to watch us destroy their forts and bombard the city they are leaving. A few yachts are dropping down to the scene of operations, and as we approach McNab's Island an occasional steam launch, or a bunch of suspicious looking boats, tell of the mining operations of the enemy we scorn. And all this time the harbor leadsmen, careful quarter-masters, are in the chains heaving the lead to port and starboard of our good ship. On the shore can be seen the hurrying forms of people on foot and in carriages moving southward to points of vantage, and along the coast are small craft urging their way to havens of safety from whence to view the fight. It is reassuring, as we steam along, to hear our genial captain say, in response to the query of a chubby-cheeked visitor from the Y. and L.: "We shan't return their fire at once; we maintain an ominous silence."

And it seems that we did.

After our bow was pointed threateningly toward the city, and our little fleet of boats were under our protecting stern, the forts commenced to belch forth flame and smoke. The *Pylades* steamed along in safety and silence, and the occupants of her quarter-deck—soldiers and a solitary

civilian — stood the fire of the forts nobly, and refused to go below — save when invited. Our bugler has long since sounded "General quarters," and the tars are standing to their guns, and the small arms men are in the fore and main top ready for action. God help boarders against such an active crew!

Below York Redoubt the *Pylades* steamed slowly citywards, and I doubt if the guns of that fort could be depressed sufficiently to bear upon us, so near do we pass the rock-lined shore. As we pass the first mine, the men in the maintop are told to reserve their fire until specially ordered, and at this moment the deck forms a very striking and picturesque sight, as the gunners rest at their stations and the vessel's tops are known to be full of men.

There is an ominous stillness all around. Suddenly a launch from the *Canada* drops alongside (Why don't our trusty men aloft blaze away at the visitors?) as if to ask if we object to firing the first shot, and we don't. A signal gun causes evident movement of the people along the shore and surrounding craft. The "cone" is hoisted to show we are under steam, and soon Forts George and Clarence are thundering away at our devoted corvette with all the might of their heavy guns. I frequently hope they (the gunners) won't make a mistake, and repeat the Aldershot business by sending solid shot at us. We plough along unharmed, towing our flotilla of small craft, whose duty it will be to go ahead under cover of the smoke created by broadsides from the *Pylades* and destroy the enemy's mines and make use of our torpedoes.

The *Pylades* is now, I presume, making it very sultry for the forts. The discharge of the great guns below, and the incessant roll of the musketry from above where we are stationed, is simply terrific, and one ceases to wonder at the reputed prevalence of deafness among service gunners, as each discharge rends the smoke cloud with its crash and following roar, shaking the ship from stem to stern. The small arms men are not stinted for cartridges, and it is evidently a big day with them as they blaze away at the embrasures of the forts in the Tower Woods and MacNab's Island, now sending out puff after puff of white smoke split with red tongues of flame. What damage we are doing cannot be told, but in the intervals 'tween discharges I note a thoughtful marine polishing the gun he is tending, as if realizing the harmless nature of the conflict and the speedy return to the peaceful pursuits of every day life in port.

"Keep your mouth open," says Bennett, the kindly surgeon of the ship, "and you won't feel the force of the shock," as the *Pylades* fires two broadsides in succession. I try it and can recommend it to others.

"Cease firing," is sounded on the corvette, and, save for an occasional gun from the forts, all is again still. The *St. Pierre* steams by us and dispels the illusion of battle by showing her decks black with sightseers. But then, 'tis said, the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake* fought in the presence of a crowd of pleasure craft.

And then we thundered forth the broadsides of the day. The ordinary saluting charge of three pounds of powder will not form a sufficient cloud of smoke to permit our boats to sneak in unobserved, so battering charges of 16 pounds are used. How I tremble for the safety of a bottle (of ink) I had, when leaving home, left posed on the edge of my desk. Well, you people ashore know what the report was like, and, when I say that it sounded to the writer like the firing of *one* mighty gun no better testimony could be given to the perfection of a broadside from the *Pylades*.

But what are the enemy doing? At fifteen minutes past the advertised time, we are waiting for the Royal Engineers to blow us into the unknown world. * * * Do I live? Thanks to the forbearance of the foemen, I can breathe. A low rumbling is heard, and the devilish submarine forces of the engineers are at work. White clouds of vapour steal heavenward, and spiral columns of water shoot upward, reflecting the grey tints from a fast clearing sky.

And during all the incessant roar of artillery, and the explosions that followed, the eye occasionally rests upon the spectators on sea and shore. Here a yacht, there a fleet of row boats, and farther away, under the shadows of the shore, a tiny canoe with a crew of two, master and lady mate, and all along the coast are signs of a moving multitude of people. 'Tis a sight to be remembered.

And then the bugles sound the advance for our "flotilla," and astern of us all is activity and warlike preparation. The leading steam launch, in charge of the torpedo lieutenant of the flagship, carries a gun in her bow, and as she shoots ahead they fire, and our fore and main top men keep up a rattling of musketry to cover the approach of those to whom is entrusted the work of laying our counter mines.

Georges Island is now taking part in the defence of Halifax, and right ahead the fort's big guns are, * * * "Goodness me, why, what was that?" Just at this moment the bottom of the ocean broke loose

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from its moorings and shook us all below. To a stranger on the *Pylades* the shock was hardly explained by the doctor's remark that we had passed "near one of the smaller mines." And now to describe the spar torpedo — if I can.

The torpedo is made fast to a long spar carried on a fast steam launch. The spar is outriggered by means of a jigger, and as the launch approaches the vessel to be destroyed, the spar is depressed until the torpedo is under the vessel. Then the gun cotton is fired, and the launch goes at full speed astern to await the result of the explosion. Before the boats of the fleet gave the closing exhibition with the spar torpedoes, the *Pylades* treated spectators to the song of the siren, a steam whistle playing on some indescribable windmill attachment, and making such an unearthly noise that, I am credibly informed, the siren's voice, when first heard in Barbados, caused the colored population to fall down and pray against the unknown perils foretold by such a strange scream.

And then, when our boats have finished the experiments with the spar torpedoes, our corvette steamed over the scene of the sea fight, an undoubted conqueror, having lost nothing save the ammunition fired away to celebrate fifty years of government by a good and well beloved Queen. So, with the topmasts down, and bowsprit and loose spars housed, the attacking ship *Pylades* came home snug and safe as when the order rang out, "Prepare aloft for action."

And did we bring no prizes? Yes, the sub-marine mines and torpedoes proved effective fishermen, and the scales on board the corvette gave 22 pounds as the weight of one of many codfish brought in by the men who manned the boats.

Once again at anchor. After a pleasant lunch on board, a shore boat bears me to further jubilee entertainments, carrying very pleasant recollections of the *Pylades*, her captain, officers, and crew.

VAGRANT.

YACHTING.

A GLORIOUS RACE FOR THE LIEUT. GOVERNOR'S CUP

BETWEEN THE "LENORE," "HALICIA," AND "WENONAH" DECLARED OFF, BECAUSE ONE OF THE
"LENORE'S" CREW FALLS OVERBOARD.

IN response to an invitation from the owner and designer of the *Lenore*, your correspondent boarded that yacht on Saturday afternoon. It is the duty of the host to condone the offences of his guest under any and every circumstance. Therefore, my host will pardon me if I say that no sane and experienced reporter will ever make a second attempt to obtain general information of a race between eight or nine yachts from such quarters as he must necessarily occupy on the *Lenore*. To stow away below amidst racing sails, cordage, buckets, etc., is not reporting from a point of 'vantage, and even Ralph Rackstraw, the "smartest topman in all the fleet," would not be able to carry notebook and pencil on the deck of the racing *Lenore*, with four planks thereof all awash to leeward, and nothing but air and a clean conscience as a support up to windward. So before the course of last Saturday's race was half sailed over, your correspondent resigned his position as a guest and became a very ordinary seaman on board the sloop *Lenore*.

However, from some blurred notes and a good memory, I will endeavor to supply you with the promised account of Saturday's race and attendant incidents as seen by me.

* * * * *

About 1.30 the competing yachts began to assemble off the lumber yard, and, as the preparatory gun startled timid but enthusiastic and interested spectators, the breeze seemed to answer the signal and freshened into a strong westerly wind with a suspicion of southerly flaws and squalls therein to bother helmsmen and keep the crews of the smaller craft looking anxiously at bowsprits and topmasts, and on the alert for accidents. It is matter for regret among yachtsmen that an accident did happen to spoil what would have been one of the best finishes to one of the best races ever sailed in our waters. But the crews of all the racers united at the Lumber Yard in rejoicing over the rescue of an extremely popular member of the squadron, and laughed at the discomfiture of possible winners

in relief at knowing that "the man overboard" from the *Lenore* had been picked up by that sloop's small and serviceable crew, unhurt and ready for the next event advertised by the squadron.

And now let us watch the start of a race likely to be talked of among our yachtsmen for many years to come. The enthusiasm of spectators on sea and shore was doubtless quickened by the known presence of two cutters of English build, and tonnage far superior to any of our flyers, and the possibility of one or both accompanying the race. And it added not a little to the beauty of the scene when the handsome *Stranger*, looking trim and clean, as only the care of a professional crew and much expenditure of hard cash can make a yacht, joined the fleet of small ones, and, under easy canvass, and with a sprinkling of guests on her deck, sailed about in stately fashion to be gazed at and admired by those whose attention was not too closely rivetted on the struggle between the new boats of the squadron to keep within their time allowance of the *Wenonah*; the plucky handling of the smaller boats, and the wonderful way in which the *Hebe* carried her gaff-topsail long after it ceased to be useful — so it appeared to spectators.

As the time approached for the firing of the starting gun, the wind continued to gain strength, until yachtsmen ashore are said to have muttered that squadron chestnut of "'Tis the schooner's day." Well, I do not wish to draw a growl from the sad sea-dogs of the R. N. S. Y. S. by suggesting that this opinion of the *Wenonah's* sailing qualifications should be shelved. That broken water and a strong wind is not essential to speed from the schooner, is shown by her performance of yesterday, when she lengthened the lead on the sloop and cutter in working the bit of smooth water on the eastern shore, and even when a broken bobstay and other disasters sent her bowsprit pointing skyward and left nought but her standing jib drawing, the flyers among the squadron single sticks only caught her on the final rounding of Point Pleasant buoy.

No! The *Wenonah* among schooners, and the *Lenore* and *Halicia* among the cutters and sloops, mark a new departure in Halifax yachting, and the new boats must be tested in all conditions of trim and weather before a fair opinion can be formed of their speed and weatherly qualities.

* * * * *

A puff of white smoke from the Lumber Yard, and signs of excitement on ours and neighboring yachts, proclaim we are off, and a few seconds later the fleet is tailing out for Dartmouth cove. And then there was a

moment when your correspondent looked wistfully at the wharves, and thought how much more convenient and safe would be the foothold there. But in vain I suggested to the skipper of the careening *Lenore* that perhaps my age, responsibilities, and unhappy yachting experience would warrant my immediate departure from the ship. He smiled, the crew cast an eye below, and then winked. So, in sheer desperation, I put away note book and pencil, took off my only jacket, signed articles for the run out and home, tried to look like one of the crew, was assigned to the pump for the rest of the voyage, and did my duty there, if not to the newspaper I was supposed to represent.

* * * * *

As the yachts clear Georges Island, the following is seen to be the order they are in: *Phantom*, *Wenonah*, *Hebe*, *Lenore*, *Daphne*, *Hildred*, *Mentor*, *Halicia*, *Psyche*. The schooner at once opens a lead on the entire fleet, and a pretty race for the Dartmouth Cove buoy is seen to be taking place between the *Hebe*, *Lenore*, and the new cutter *Halicia*. The latter, with a large and picturesque crew on board, has dropped the *Mentor*, *Hildred*, *Daphne*, and *Phantom* with astonishing quickness, and, as the buoy is neared, passes to windward of her dangerous rival, *Lenore*, and obtains a slight lead of her and the *Hebe*. Meanwhile, the *Wenonah's* crew are waving hands and shouting to the skipper of a lumping big schooner sailing directly in their path to the buoy. But the captain of the *Harmony*, of Windsor, N. S., is not in *harmony* with yacht-racing; doesn't know that courtesy is usually a characteristic of sailors; and impolitely "yaws" along on his way out to sea, followed by a chorus of polished anathemas from the crew of the racing schooner. Can it be possible that the owners of two other schooners (non-racing yachts) also derive satisfaction from crossing the bows of racing-craft, and rudely refusing to luff or fall off half a point in favor of a boat flying a racing pennant? I hope said owners are not and never will be members of the R. N. S. Y. squadron.

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The *Wenonah* is around and obtaining an ever-increasing lead as the *Halicia*, *Hebe*, and *Lenore* near the buoy. And then was seen the prettiest picture of the race. The *Halicia* and the *Hebe* were both jibing when the *Lenore*, skilfully steered, and with a beautiful burst of speed, shot in between her competitors and the buoy, jibed, and rounded so cleanly as to throw her well to windward and in the lead—save for the schooner.

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Once again, Hurrah! The *Wenonah* is close hauled, carrying a true westerly slant of wind, and is bowling along in comparatively smooth water. Off Fort Clarence the schooner tacks. Far astern of her, the struggle between the cutter and sloop continues. The *Lenore* is working the smooth water of the eastern shore; the *Halicia* is thrashing past the Lumber Yard, with the *Hebe* astern of her. And what of the rest of the fleet? Lest I should do the skippers of the *Mentor*, *Hildred*, *Psyche*, *Daphne*, and *Phantom* some injustice, let me leave to others the task of telling the story of their race. For the only old racer to keep company with the new was the speedy *Hebe*. Butler's fast sloop carries the memory of many victories to console her designer and present skipper for occasional retirement in favor of *debutantes* in the racing arena, and, like a ball-room belle of many seasons, she found admirers who, remembering her past triumphs, were delighted to see her carry, even if unwisely, more cotton than her younger sisters showed.

The *Lenore*, standing across from Fort Clarence, comes upon the *Halicia* carrying a slant of flawless wind from the westward, which had enabled her to shake off the *Hebe* and gain perceptibly on the *Wenonah*. The *Halicia* has at this stage of the race an evident lead of the *Lenore*, and a few minutes later crossed the latter's bow. Seen from the shore, or from steamers accompanying the race, the picture presented by the four leading boats must be indeed a pretty one.

The breeze is ever freshening and squally, and the new yachts cut their way through a rising sea, showing nothing but a smother of foam to leeward as evidence of the speed with which they are travelling. And keeping company with the schooner and cutter are several guest-laden steamers and smaller launches, with their passengers all revelling in the sun, salt water, sea air, and pleasant excitement of the race.

* * * * *

Realizing that the *Lenore's* deck, when her crew resemble flies on a wall, is not a safe and comfortable writing desk, my note book and coat are thrown below again, and with them all my chances of giving you a reliable account of the race. But I can recall the first rounding of Point Pleasant buoy with the *Wenonah* still in the lead, and the *Halicia* struggling to shake off the holder of the Lorne cup. To effect this the *Halicia* attempted to set a spinnaker (?), and her somewhat numerous crew handled it as a drag overboard to windward, and the *Halicia's* helmsman looked his wrath at his gallant crew as the *Lenore* passed him with two of her men

seated aft the rudder-head to keep her stern down—both boats burying forward like Bermudian sloops when running. (I recollect a yachtsman in Hamilton talking of the Bermudian Sloop *Julia*, a boat of 17 foot keel, 42 foot mast, and sails laced thereto, rounding a buoy for the three mile run to leeward, and being driven bow under by the wind, and foundering a mile from the finish).

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The *Wenonah* reached Dartmouth buoy for the second time with still a long lead of the cutter and sloop, now contesting every foot in such spirited fashion as to excite the greatest enthusiasm on the accompanying steamers, and among people lining the wharves.

After rounding the cove buoy, both stood over side by side for the western shore. The *Halicia* came about first, and then headed for the eastern point of Georges Island, where she tacked, then making the Lumber Yard to weather the Island. The *Lenore*, standing in closer to the city wharves, and forereaching, obtained some westerly puffs, made Georges Island and the Lumber Yard in two short tacks, and then bowled along on a straight course for the final rounding of Point Pleasant buoy. The *Wenonah*, when the *Lenore* was yet a mile from the buoy, was working along the shore of McNab's Island, from whence she stood across, expecting to make the mark, and round for home in one tack. But as the schooner neared the buoy, it became evident to a watchful spectator on the *Lenore* that the incoming tide would give her sufficient leeway to make a short tack necessary. And my prediction was verified.

The *Lenore* arrived at the buoy, jibed, and was round before the *Wenonah* and *Halicia* (the latter being to windward of the mark as she approaches) reached the mark. As the *Wenonah* and *Halicia* were compelled to give considerable time allowance to the *Lenore*, and the run from Point Pleasant buoy to the finishing point (Lumber Yard) is not one sixth of the course, it is only reasonable to claim that, barring an accident, the *Lenore* would have won Saturday's race. The accident occurred. Man overboard! What a startling cry it is.

* * * * *

Homeward bound, the delighted crew of the *Lenore* proceeded to set a big balloon jib as a spinnaker. The sail was below, and one of the crew (a canoeist, who hasn't been yacht-racing since poor Fay and his companions were lost ten years ago), was told off to go below and for'ard to pay out the sail to the crew on deck. He did it. Mr. John Lithgow,

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ignorant of the help below, grasped the sail, and pulling strongly, gathered in all the slack, and went overboard with it. His companion, Mr. Norwood Duffus, with commendable coolness, ran aft, shouted to the man below: "Man overboard," seized a life preserver, and threw same with remarkable precision to within a few yards of the lost yachtsman—now some distance astern.

In the excitement attendant upon this regrettable closing incident of an otherwise glorious race, the *Lenore's* crew made two ineffectual attempts to pick up their late companion, the last one successful. The *Wenonah* put back to render assistance, fortunately not needed, as the men of the sloop enjoyed the pleasure of the rescue. The *Halicia's* helmsman, when passing Mr. Lithgow, observing that he was floating breast high, with a life preserver on, seeing him smile, and knowing that the *Lenore* would pick up her own man, kept under way, and reached the Lumber Yard (where the excitement was, of course, running high) a few minutes before the *Lenore* and *Wenonah*.

In the rejoicing over the fortunate rescue of Mr. Lithgow, your correspondent lost all knowledge of the general results of the race, was driven to drink, and also mislaid his time card giving the order of boats rounding buoys, etc. But, as the leading boats arrived flying protest flags, and the race is "off," perhaps a statement of results would be lacking in interest.

Those who had the pleasure of witnessing Saturday's race admit there is evidence of a growing and healthy interest being taken in what should be the most popular pastime of our people—yachting. Unprejudiced yachtsmen aver that there are few rivals to Halifax as a summer city for those "who love the water."

Knowing this, it behooves us to give the American yachtsmen who may visit us next month such a reception that each recurring season of sunshine and summer breezes will see our harbor alive with pleasure craft and racing yachts, and our hotels and houses filled with the companionable pleasure-loving people of New York and Boston.

VAGRANT.

JUBILEE YACHT RACES.

A KEEN CONTEST BETWEEN THE "GALATEA" AND "DAUNTLESS."

THE "WENONAH" SAILS AWAY FROM THE REST OF THE FLEET AND WINS THE
NEW YORK CUP.

YES, that a trio of foreign yachts should be the only competitors for the Jubilee Cups may be disappointing to those who expected to see a squadron containing the far-famed *Mayflower*, *Puritan*, *Priscilla*, *Atlantic*, *Sachem*, and possibly the *Volunteer*. But we have the satisfaction of knowing that the yacht owners who have responded to the invitation of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron are loud in their praises of Halifax as a resort for yachtsmen; are overwhelming in their expressions of admiration of its unrivalled charms by sea and shore, and prompt to proclaim our people masters of the art of entertaining.

When the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron sent an ambassador to New York and Boston to invite members of the New York and Eastern Clubs to extend their summer cruising to our waters, the apparent success of his mission surprised and delighted our local yachtsmen. An elaborate programme of races was prepared; a large committee of citizens and officers of the united service was formed to make suitable arrangements for the reception and entertainment of the expected guests; balls, dinners, garden parties, and moonlight excursions were suggested, and Halifax society was in a pleasant flutter of delight.

The arrival of the pretty *Stranger* and the famous *Galatea*, the long sojourn of the latter on our coast, and the promised return of the former (a promise fulfilled in such a way as to make Mr. Warren's cutter extremely popular in our port), sustained the excitement until the unthinking ones in our midst seemed to be on the lookout for a fleet of white-winged clippers with every stitch of canvas set in their owners' eagerness to reach our city. Unfortunately, yacht owners are not always masters of their own vessels. Yachts cruising in company under the command of a commodore have to keep together, and even when the cruise is over it is quite likely that owners intending to bear up for Nova Scotia might be overborne by the unwillingness of their sailing masters to risk fogs and strange currents. Moreover, it is stated in the Boston *Herald* of Tuesday last

that the recent cruise of the New York Yacht Club was the most successful ever known, and this may have operated against the keeping of engagements made with the R. N. S. Y. Squadron's ambassador, Mr. F. C. Sumichrast.

From all or any of these reasons we may draw comfort, and solace ourselves with the knowledge that if the Jubilee yacht racing is not quite in keeping with the programme first outlined by the squadron, and is not proving all that some too sanguine members of the committee looked forward to, it may at least be claimed that the interests of yachting in our waters will be greatly advanced by the races we are now witnessing, and the advertising of Halifax as a very pleasant anchorage for pleasure-seeking yachtsmen. Moreover, our amateur sailors are enabled to study beautiful models of marine architecture, and some of our citizens are seeing for the first time yachts that have attracted the admiration of sailors the world over, handled by professional crews in such a way as to show off to perfection the beauty of the designers' skill, and the advantages of good seamanship.

Surely our own yachtsmen are not disappointed. Why, 'tis pleasure enough to an enthusiastic lover of the beautiful to watch the *Galatea* beating to windward, or to note the *Stranger's* shapely hull, darkly outlined beneath a perfect smother of snowy cotton.

However, I am forgetting that folks ashore may not have seen the race of yesterday under quite such favorable conditions as those of your correspondent. Circumstances alter cases. The naval review at Halifax, as seen by me from the deck of H. M. S. *Pylades*, was not, I was informed, so exciting when viewed from the rocks ashore on a cold, grey morning, with no mess-room steward within call to stimulate the fancy and fever the imagination. So let me forge ahead and spin my yarn concerning the race.

It is my wish to give people ashore some idea of the start of the visiting yachts on their race, and then to report proceedings of the R. N. S. Y. S. in their contest for the cup presented by the Americans. Even the performance of the latter duty was almost denied me, as when I boarded the *Wenonah*, her crew mutinied against the taking of the unlucky "thirteenth" man. The skipper, my old friend, Fraser, conquered their scruples, and we bore away for a preliminary cruise to see the *Dauntless* and *Galatea* start on what proved to be a race such as spectators must have been delighted with. A spanking breeze from the west by north is blowing up in such a way as to promise more than the smaller

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craft want, and, as we open the mouth of the North-West Arm, the squalls are wicked enough to make careful tending of sheets necessary for the balance of the day. Green Bank is covered with sight-seers, and Citadel Hill dotted with those who are content with a more distant view. As the time approaches for the start, the *Galatea* is indeed a picture as she tacks about inside the mark, her long hull glistening in the sunshine, and her immense jib looking as if cut out of cardboard, so stiff and white is its outline against the blue sky.

The veteran racer, *Dauntless*, makes an equally pretty appearance, gliding about with her white hull looking fresh and clean, and her name carrying the minds of yachtsmen back to her famous races with the *Cam-bria* and *Coronet*. Although she is carrying sail enough to set us all agape, it is seen that her skipper has a jib topsail in stops ready for shaking out as soon as the officer of the day fires the final gun. And all this time the squadron boats, well handled by their amateur crews, are facing the squalls in capital fashion, and making ready for their race. But what about the *Stranger*, in whom we all feel so great an interest? Has she any difficulty with her anchor, or does she so regret the absence of competition as to make her unwilling to start? At last she also is making for the line, when, at 10.30, sharp, the gun is again fired, and the English cutter and American schooner are off on their course of forty-one miles. Both yachts crossed the line together, and the spectators at Green Bank are then treated to a marine picture such as they have seldom if ever seen before.

The *Galatea* shakes out a jib topsail, somewhat slowly it seemed to us, and then the *Dauntless*, already covered with canvas, sets a staysail. For half a mile the famous yachts are side by side, as if to reward interested crowds ashore for their early visit to the park. Off the mouth of the Arm, the schooner is seen to be gaining slightly on the single sticker, and the *Wenonah's* crew are jubilant as they note what follows. For off the shoals at Point Pleasant commenced as pretty a luffing match as any of us ever witnessed. The *Dauntless* is attempting to weather the cutter, and somewhat to our amazement the schooner at last is triumphant, and then the first bout settled, they stand out to sea, and here I have to leave them. The *Wenonah's* skipper shouted "hard a lee," and we reluctantly part company with the cracks to engage in the struggle reserved for the R. N. S. Y. S. fleet. The *Stranger* passed us as we stand up the harbor for the start, and we regret to see no sign of her opponent, the *Guinivere*.

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And now let us look at the squadron fleet! 'Tis a prettier sight than many expected to see—even this so-called inside race. Here is the saucy *Hildred* looking for boats of her class; the *St. Kilda* jumping over the water like a frightened duck, and almost shewing speed enough to account for the reign of terror her crew inaugurated on her arrival; the *Pastime*, looking and sailing as well as ever; the already famous, although ill-fated, *Lenore*, a dangerous opponent for boats of twice her tonnage; the wonderful Butler-built *Hebe*, whose performance in the race of yesterday was talked of by all who appreciate skilful and daring seamanship; and the unfortunate cutter *Halicia*, whose popular captain shewed the squadron sailors how to bring a wreck into port. These and the *Albatross*, *Psyche*, *Phantom* and *Daphne*, each in turn attracted attention, and added to the interest taken in a capital race. The starting gun was fired at 11 o'clock, sharp, and almost before the smoke could be blown away by the wind, the *Lenore* and *Hebe* are across the line. Following them, the *St. Kilda*, *Albatross*, and *Wenonah* are beam and beam, with the rest of the fleet whipped in by the *Halicia*.

The *Wenonah* is kept full as she can hold, and soon drops the *Albatross* and the *St. Kilda* (the latter standing up bravely to the heavy squalls), and is in close pursuit of the white sloop and the *Hebe*. With these safely under her stern the *Wenonah* shortly opens a lead on the fleet such as astonishes even the most confident of her crew.

Meanwhile, Captain Trott's cutter, *Halicia*, is outfooting and outpointing the *St. Kilda*, and is gradually working up to her fast rival, the *Lenore*. The *Pastime*, although luffing to the strong gusts more frequently than the other schooners, is shewing a turn of speed such as must have delighted her former owner, and is having a game struggle with the *Hebe* for the honor of third place at the turning buoy.

Dartmouth Cove buoy was rounded in the following order, as timed by your correspondent on the *Wenonah*:

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
<i>Wenonah</i> ,	11	16	40	<i>Halicia</i> ,	11	19	24
<i>Lenore</i> ,	11	18	30	<i>Phantom</i> ,	11	20	
<i>Pastime</i> ,	11	18		<i>St. Kilda</i> ,	11	20	
<i>Hebe</i> ,	11	19	09				

After rounding the buoy, the *Wenonah* increased her lead until in passing Georges Island she already seemed to be, barring accidents, a certain winner. For the wind was fast freshening, and, as we looked astern,

the *Hebe* was seen laying down at an angle sufficient to spill the wind out of her sails, and the rest of the fleet were like her, fast dropping astern.

The long leg out to Meagher's Rock buoy increased the *Wenonah's* lead, and made no great change in the fleet astern of her, which, passing York Redoubt, showed the *Pastime* to be second, with the *Lenore* hanging on in close company to windward, and sailing so fast that your correspondent, knowing what the sloops can do, almost regretted she was not built to equal in tonnage the *Wenonah*. Meagher's Rock buoy was rounded as follows.

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
<i>Wenonah</i> ,	11	54	05	<i>Lenore</i> ,	12	03	10
<i>Pastime</i> ,	12	01		<i>Hebe</i> ,	12	03	40

And then, as we stretched away for the harbor again, luffing up to the strong squalls, the first exciting incident of the race occurred.

The *Halicia*, as we came abreast of her, was struck by a squall. Without having the effect of careening her lead laden hull, the squall converted the handsome cutter into a complete wreck, for the mast was broken as if by a cannon shot, and ten feet from the deck, everything went over the side. But her skipper refused assistance, and, with his dismasted hulk rising and falling in the heavy sea, repaired damages, and actually bore back under canvas with her colours flying. Bravo! Captain Trott.

The *St. Kilda*, owing to this regrettable accident, becomes the fifth boat, but is evidently not in it to such good purpose as was expected by her owners and their friends. And what shall I say of the smaller sloops, etc.? Why, I maintain that our amateur crews deserve credit for the splendid handling of their yachts in yesterday's very treacherous weather.

Off Point Pleasant, the *Wenonah's* skipper sets his staysail once again, and the decks are all awash as we enter the harbor, doing a good nine knots an hour.

The *Pastime* is just shewing up to windward of Georges Island as we round the Dartmouth Cove mark, for the second time, in forty-four minutes from Meagher's Rock buoy.

Let yachtsmen look at the chart, study the wind that was blowing, and then say if the squadron need be ashamed of its representative schooner.

The *Pastime* is holding a long lead of the *Lenore*, the latter passing the *Wenonah* (on her way out to Meagher's Rock) off the Lumber Yard. The steamer *St. Pierre*, and the committee boat, carrying the indefatigable Mr. Sumichrast, to whom yachtsmen owe a debt of gratitude, cheer the

Wenonah as she bowls along, and then * * * * the Press went below to lunch.

As I reach the deck again, the time of the other boats in rounding Dartmouth Cove Mark is taken. Let us record the time as an evidence of the fact that from start to finish in yesterday's race the *Wenonah* was the winner.

DARTMOUTH MARK—SECOND ROUND.

	H.	M.	S.
<i>Wenonah</i> ,	12	38	0
<i>Pastime</i> ,	12	48	30
<i>Lenore</i> ,	12	53	0

But the friendliest of editors will not give up all of his space to yachtsmen and their doings—so let me hasten homeward.

The *Wenonah* rounded Meagher's Rock buoy for the second and last time in a squall so heavy as to call forth a remark, or rather an order, from the cool and careful navigator, Mr. Fraser, who shouts "Stand by sheets." It may interest folks ashore to know that we did, and, leaving the Mark on the starboard hand, prepared, as the printed directions set forth, to finish off the Lumber Yard.

The *Wenonah* left Meagher's Rock at 1.16, and was followed by the *Pastime* at 1.32.30.

On the homeward course the *Lenore* is passed, bound for the buoy, with a jib-topsail set, and the *Hebe* close astern of her. Both these yachts are still pursued by the *St. Kilda*, likely winner of the second prize.

And then, as we near the Lumber Yard, and the certainty of victory strikes the *Wenonah's* crew, there is quiet pleasure observable in the skipper's eyes, and excitement among his crew. For it is a victory and a prize to be proud of. The schooner has at last silenced the sceptical as to her speed, and has covered a course twenty-two miles and four cables in length in the creditable time of two hours and fifty-two minutes. And all this despite the fact that the *Pastime*, *Hebe*, *St. Kilda*, and *Lenore* have been sailed almost faultlessly.

This is the story of the Squadron's race, and it was a race sailed under conditions of weather so favorable as to please and satisfy everybody save those who desired some "beating to windward." The finish was timed at the Lumber Yard by the officers in charge, as follows:

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
<i>Wenonah</i> ,	1	55	57		<i>Hebe</i> ,	2	24 30
<i>Pastime</i> ,	2	10	57		<i>St. Kilda</i> ,	2	26 20

The *Wenonah* thus becomes the winner of the Cup, and her owners and crew were warmly congratulated by the other yachtsmen on their arrival at the Lumber Yard, where a large gathering of spectators had now assembled to witness the finish of the race between the *Dauntless* and *Galatea*.

Your correspondent left these famous yachts outward bound at 10.45, to sail a course marked forty-one miles seven cables in length.

To picture the return of these beautiful types of schooner and cutter would require the skilful hand of an artist, the warm feeling of a poet. The crowd on the Lumber Yard were silent as these famous yachts glided past the winning mark, *separated only by fifty-two seconds of time*, having sailed the course in about four and a half hours. Your correspondent was unable to await the arrival of the *Stranger*, although she was but a short distance astern.

	FINISH.	H.	M.	S.
<i>Dauntless</i> ,		3	4	12
<i>Galatea</i> ,		3	5	4

As an enthusiastic yachtsman on the Lumber Yard remarked: "To witness the finish of such a race is reward enough to those to whose efforts we are indebted for yesterday's sailing."

VAGRANT.

In reprinting the foregoing account of a capital race, I recall one of the most pleasant excursions of many made when in search of reliable reports for the *Morning Herald*, of Halifax. In the account of the winning of the \$500 Jubilee Cup by the pretty schooner of the R. N. S. Y. S., *Wenonah*, there will be noticed an allusion to the half serious objections of some of her crew to my presence on board as the thirteenth man. Strange to say, there was some slight reason for the reference to this superstitious fancy when I happened to be the unlucky thirteenth man. For, owing to my miraculous escape from death, when knocked overboard by the jibing boom of the *Mystery*, during that fatal race for the Mayor's Cup, which terminated in the drowning of Messrs. Fay, Tupper, and Noble, I had not again shipped in a racing yacht until a few weeks previous to the Jubilee Races. That racing yacht was the *Lenore*, and the contest was again spoiled by an accident. In paying out the spinnaker to an active member of the *Lenore's* crew, I was instrumental in sending Jack Lithgow overboard, and we picked him up with considerable difficulty. I suffered agony when Jack was in danger.

The recollections of those circumstances connected with my yachting career may well have caused Mrs. S.—to warn her husband and fellow owners of the *Wenonah* against shipping "Vagrant" as one of the *Wenonah's* crew.

However, I was permitted to wear a jersey emblazoned with the schooner's name in big white letters during the most eventful race reported above. That it was a day of perfect enjoyment can be readily understood by those who have sailed with that thorough yachtsman, James Fraser; and "Vagrant" owes to him and Messrs. West, Stairs, and others, earnest thanks.

The crew of the *Wenonah*, when she raced for and won so handsomely the cup given by some citizens of New York, was comprised as follows:

JAMES FRASER (Captain).	LIEUT. STEWART, R. N.	W. S. DUFFUS.
F. S. WEST.	MAJOR PENGELLY, R. M.	H. M. MACDONALD.
JAS. W. STAIRS.	E. J. MACDONALD.	J. T. P. KNIGHT.
A. E. JONES.	W. S. CLOUSTON.	FOSTER ELLIOTT.
	BOATSWAIN VICKERS.	

THE "GALATEA" WINS THE ONE THOUSAND DOLLAR JUBILEE CUP.

HE SAILS AWAY FROM THE "DAUNTLESS," AND COMES IN ONE HOUR AHEAD. THE "STRANGER" DISMASTED. THE "LENORE'S" DARING CREW.

THOSE who predict that the yacht racing of Friday and Saturday last will be the means of attracting New York and Boston yachtsmen to Halifax may be glad to know that the owners of the *Dauntless* and *Stranger* declare the course mapped out for the racers in the recent contests is better than any used as a rendezvous during the annual cruising of their clubs. The preparatory signal, one gun, was fired at 10.20 on Saturday morning from the committee steamer *Mabel Freeman*, upon which boat representatives of the press were kindly entertained by the officers of the day, Vice-Commodore Edwards, and Rear-Commodore Troop. The course was from Green Bank to inner automatic buoy; thence on a triangular course seaward, the points of said triangle being anchored mark boats, thence to automatic buoy and finish off H. M. Lumber Yard, forty-one miles, seven cables. The race being sailed under New York yacht club regulations, yachts were compelled to carry on deck a serviceable, round bottomed boat in addition to the usual life buoys. Just before the race was started, the scene was even more delightful to gaze at than that of the previous day. Green Bank was black with spectators, and the road to the point and the rocks below fringed with people anxious to see the visiting yachts engage in their second struggle. The *Galatea* is tacking about in the light and fitful morning air, her sails a study in effects of light and shade; the *Stranger* is dropping down past Georges Island, spinnaker boom on end ready for lowering, her light sails filling to the breeze off the Lumber Yard; the *Dauntless*, a favorite among schooner men, with spinnaker boom already lowered, and a jib topsail in steps to be shaken out on crossing the line. And our own yachts made a pretty appearance. Near the line is plucky Captain Trott's cutter, with her mainsail lowered, and crew still busy repairing effects of the previous day's dismasting—an accident soon to be repeated. And hovering about near the *Halicia* are the squadron schooners *Pastime*, *Guinivere*, and *Wenonah*, with the baby of the fleet, the racing *Lenore*, actually coming

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up for the outside struggle with a boat lashed across her deck, where even the crew can barely find foothold. At 10.30 the gun on the *Mabel Freeman* was fired for the start, and fifty seconds later the *Halicia*, which your correspondent, when on the *Wenonah* in the race of the previous day, had left outside dismasted, crossed the line—first of the fleet to answer the signal. The starting line was crossed in the following order:

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
<i>Halicia</i> ,	10	30	56	<i>Pastime</i> ,	10	33	42
<i>Stranger</i> ,	10	31	54	<i>Wenonah</i> ,	10	33	55
<i>Galatea</i> ,	10	32	15	<i>Lenore</i> ,	10	34	00
<i>Dauntless</i> ,	10	33	36	<i>Guinivere</i> ,	10	36	01

Immediately after the start the visiting yachts shook out their jib top-sails, the *Galatea* slowly forging to the front. Off the Point, the *Stranger* and *Galatea* were apparently running before a pleasant northerly slant of wind out of the harbor, with mainsails darkly outlined and spinnakers almost transparent in the bright sunlight. Nearing Meagher's Beach, the committee steamer was hailed by Captain Rawson in a steam launch, who transferred to the care of the Squadron officers the representative of the *Chronicle*. At York Redoubt the large cutters and the *Dauntless* were in mid steamer channel, with the Squadron racing craft nearly all to the westward and astern in search of the wind for the day. Some small steamers seen from our deck as we opened Devil's Island were sending smoke to the westward, and a schooner was seen standing out with an easterly wind, and yet a large barque in the offing is seen to be carrying a southerly breeze, leading us to think that the true character of the wind outside must be south by west. As the yachts work their way out, a few fishing schooners are dropping in as if to complete the picture that lovers of the beautiful on sea and shore are "drinking their fill" from. Steaming past the fleet of yachts, we observe their position to be as follows: *Stranger*, *Galatea* (with the *Halicia* nearly abeam, but away to eastward), *Dauntless*, *Lenore*, *Wenonah*, *Pastime*, *Guinivere*. Off the Thrump Cap the *Stranger* shifts her spinnaker to port, as if those on board were, like ourselves, trying to discover in what direction the wind intended to settle. I suppose the wind to be consistent must be inconstant, and during the first hour of Saturday's race, the breeze was, metaphorically, changeable as a capricious woman's whims. The committee and correspondents on board the *Mabel Freeman*, among whom was Mr. Manning, of the New York Yacht Agency, had some discussion about the propriety of this

whimsical allusion to womankind. But I won't pursue this fancy, although, rolling about in the trough of the sea, we were free to indulge in droll ideas—and refreshments.

And now for the race again. Clear of Thrump Cap Shoal, the yachts and accompanying steamers begin to realize that Friday's blow has left a long swell to be encountered outside. The *Galatea's* jib-topsail is lowered as the wind at last blows out true and strong from the south-west. Then the big schooner *Dauntless* feels the coming breeze and makes a short leg to the eastward before the other schooners are realizing the change. The *St. Pierre* and *Mic-Mac*, the former in charge of Mr. Walter Leigh as the R. N. S. Y. Squadron's representative for the day, begin to roll about in such unpleasant fashion as to resurrect, among other things, the old question: "If Britannia rules the waves, why doesn't she rule 'em straight?" At Herring Cove Head the *Galatea* has at last taken a clear lead, although the *Stranger* is well to windward of the big English cutter. But the pilot of the *Dauntless* is rewarded for his faith in the western shore, and the great schooner is now on the starboard tack with a big jib topsail rap full as she bowls merrily along in pursuit of the cutters. And only slightly astern of the American schooner the *Wenonah* is sailing a grand race in company with the *Pastime*, *Guinivere*, and the *Lenore*, with the latter of whom the crew of Friday's winner have been exchanging pleasantries in rather too spirited fashion for safety, if racing rules are observed. Meanwhile the leaders in the race, the two cutters, are treating us to a pretty exhibition. For the *Galatea* on the starboard tack is not quite fast enough to prevent the Boston cutter from crossing her bows, and, this done, the *Stranger* sets a big balloon jib and comes about to indulge in a luffing match with the *Galatea*. But the latter again sets her jib-topsail, and the race between these two continues exciting and close. Separated from the rest of the fleet (as if reserved for some special incident of the race) the *Halicia* has worked the eastern shore and the changeable currents of wind to more advantage than seemed possible, and is well up with the leaders among the Squadron yachts. The *Wenonah* has dropped astern of the *Lenore*, and, as we pass the sloop and cheer her plucky crew, we forget that their daring is a source of anxiety to older members of the Squadron, and actually discuss the possibility of the sloop, or Friday's winner, the *Wenonah*, saving time allowance—the former by getting into port "some time before church to-morrow." Opposite Camperdown the *Stranger* and *Galatea* are still fighting for the lead, standing across to the first turning

point, the inner automatic buoy, the *Stranger* to windward, but astern. The *Halicia* is also on the same tack, a mile and a half astern. The *Dauntless* is then rewarded for persistent hugging of the western shore, for down from the high land comes a steady slant of faithful westerly wind, enabling her to make a long leg for the desired buoy. The *Wenonah*, *Pastime*, and *Guinivere* are just beginning a race of their own, which is destined to last for ten long miles, and is only finished when at the first mark boat, nine miles from the automatic buoy, the *Wenonah*, by a bit of Fraser's clever handling, takes the lead. And at this stage of the race the *Lenore* is sailing in truly wonderful fashion, and is clearly going to lead the Squadron boats at the buoy. As the committee boat rolls about in close proximity to the automatic buoy, its wheezy breathing seems better suited as a reminder of storm and wreck than as a guide to the pleasure craft bearing down upon it. Here they come! The *Galatea* has shaken off the smaller cutter and her stem is straight for the buoy, and here on that long starboard tack, every stitch of canvas pulling, and a main staysail being added thereto, comes the *Dauntless*, and then it is we gain our first true impression of the famous cutter's speed. For although, when first seen at this stage of the race, we had thought it possible for the schooner to reach the buoy in the lead, the *Galatea's* position when rounding was as follows:

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
<i>Galatea</i> ,	12	21	45	<i>Pastime</i> ,	12	31	56
<i>Dauntless</i> ,	12	25	32	<i>Guinivere</i>	12	32	04
<i>Stranger</i> ,	12	27	46	<i>Wenonah</i> ,	12	32	17
<i>Lenore</i> ,	12	30	08				

The elapsed time of the three leading boats was: *Galatea*, 1h. 49m. 30s.; *Dauntless*, 1h. 51m. 56s.; *Stranger*, 1h. 55m. 52s.; and the Squadron sloop *Lenore* only 1h. 56m. 08s., or six minutes and thirty-eight seconds behind the *Galatea* in the race from Green Bank to the automatic buoy. Immediately after rounding, the *Galatea* set a jib topsail, and increased her speed surprisingly. The three schooners of the Squadron, after rounding the buoy with only twenty-one seconds between first and last, began what is said to have been the prettiest race ever seen, and one in which an outgoing trading schooner took no mean place. Eh, Fraser?

And "Where is the *Halicia*?" says Rear-Commodore Troop, after timing the seven yachts accounted for. A mile astern, and to westward, we sight her with a tug hovering round, and no spar standing. The *Halicia* has been again dismasted, and is as complete a wreck as on the

previous day. This incident and the increasing wind and sea carried our thoughts to the *Lenore*, and it is only fair to record that the squadron officers, realizing the possibility of accident to the boat laden sloop *Lenore*, dispatched a tug to assist her in on Saturday night, and remained on the Lumber Yard until nearly midnight with night glasses levelled seaward. That the crew of the *Lenore*, in the face of threatening weather promised at sunset, refused to be towed in seems incredible. The first mark boat E. S. E. was rounded as follows:

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
<i>Galatea</i> ,	1	24	00	<i>Guinivere</i> ,	1	50	00
<i>Dauntless</i> ,	1	27	40	<i>Wenonah</i> ,	1	50	04
<i>Stranger</i> ,	1	30	00	<i>Lenore</i> ,	1	52	50
<i>Pastime</i> ,	1	49	20				

The western or last stake boat rounded by leaders:

	H.	M.	S.
<i>Galatea</i> ,	3	14	20
<i>Stranger</i> ,	3	39	00
<i>Dauntless</i> ,	3	59	00

The committee boat is awaiting the return of the yachts in Halibut Cove, and we take advantage of the return to comparatively smooth water to indulge in luncheon with Messrs. Edwards, Troop, Manning (of New York), and Bell. After luncheon, we smoke and chat about the enterprise of the press, and the wisdom of accompanying the Rear-Commodore ashore to telegraph the position of the yachts, when last seen by us. At 2.40 the steamer is again tossing about off the automatic buoy, her crew scanning the horizon for any signs of the racers. The wind is decidedly freshening from the sou'west, and as we see the *St. Pierre* steaming past us, and the *Mic-Mac* waddling out to the southward, whether broadside or bow on we are unable to determine, we speculate in a most cold blooded way on the possible misery of their passengers, and our only patient, a boy, *heaves* in sympathy with fellow-sufferers a mile away. And then the *Galatea* comes tearing in from sea, with the sun shining white on her immense balloon jib, and all else in shadow, bound for the buoy, a mile from which we are tossing to time the cutter as she passes. Let but this strong breeze continue, and the *Galatea* is as sure a winner as the *Wenonah* was in yesterday's race. At 4h. 29m. 38s. the *Galatea* is passing the automatic buoy, and as she gets abeam of us we can almost hear the swish of the water, as fretted by the cutter's prow it rushes along her lee. And we have the enjoyment of seeing her leave everything under

steam or sail hopelessly astern of her as she nears the harbor mouth, for which we also are now bound, none of the other yachts being within six or seven miles of the leader. As the *Galatea* approaches Georges Island, a small fleet of vessels come out to welcome her with cheering, and the screams of steam whistles; and Green Bank and the Lumber Yard are black with interested citizens, untiring in their expressions of admiration for the cutter's lofty spar, shining hull, white deck, and active red-capped crew of Devonshire men. The *Galatea* passed the Lumber Yard winning flag-staff at 5h. 16m. 20s. Elapsed time being 6h. 44m. 05s.

About an hour later, or, at 6h. 11m. 55s., the *Dauntless* passed the line, being heartily cheered by the crew of the English cutter. Some time afterward the pretty *Stranger* came in with topmast gone, as if explanatory of the somewhat bad beating she must have received after leaving the first mark boat.

* * * * *

Until late Saturday night several sad sea dogs belonging to the Squadron kept watch and ward at the Lumber Yard for the R. N. S. Y. S. fleet. How they reached home, and what befell them, is not known to your correspondent on the *Mabel Freeman*, who, in watching Saturday's race in company with the officers of the day, did not forget his companions of Friday, the skipper and crew of the *Wenonah*, to whose memory he frequently, *a la Eccles*, "cracked a fatherly tear and shed a friendly bottle."

VAGRANT.



In reproducing this account of one of many memorable foot-ball matches played by fellow members of the Wanderers Amateur Athletic Club, I am only actuated by the desire to have their admirers possess some printed reminder of the prowess of one of the best fifteens ever lined out on a Nova Scotian foot-ball field. As our players look down at me from a well executed photograph by Notman, I recall a remark of a military wag: "Gentlemen, these fellows of Colonial extraction are too many for us at this game, unless we can be born again and live differently."

FOOT-BALL.

WANDERERS vs. NAVY—A FINE CONTEST ON THE WANDERERS' GROUNDS.

GIVEN a good field, a bright sky, with just a suspicion of coming winter in the air to keep the contestants fresh and vigorous, and there is more than enough in a game of foot-ball to keep spectators interested. When we add to these concomitants of foot-ball the interest attending a return match between two such teams as those representing the yet unbeaten Wanderers and the champions of the North American fleet, we throw onlookers into such a pleasant fever of excitement that the cool northern wind seems to them like the soft air of the Bermudas. The match referred to was played on the W. A. A. C. Grounds, on Saturday afternoon, and the following players answered to the calls of their Captains:

WANDERERS.

Oxley, <i>Back.</i>	
Annand,	
Wylde,	} <i>Three-quarter Backs.</i>
Henry (Captain),	
Duffus,	
Duffus,	} <i>Half Backs.</i>
Clouston,	
Jones,	} <i>Forwards.</i>
Bentley,	
Major,	
Crerar,	
Eason,	
Hart,	
Humphrey,	
Wainwright,	
Knight, <i>Umpire.</i>	

NAVY.

Herbert, <i>Back.</i>	
Lyon,	
Short,	} <i>Three-quarter Backs.</i>
Boldero,	
Koe,	
Shelford,	} <i>Half Backs.</i>
Hobbs (Captain),	
Walter,	} <i>Forwards.</i>
Watling,	
Burnett,	
Dathan,	
Miller,	
Macaulay,	
Gurney,	
Fiennes,	
Stewart, <i>Umpire.</i>	

The touch line of the Wanderers' field was fringed with quite a gathering of spectators—fair and otherwise. Civilian on-lookers noted with satisfaction evidence of the strengthening of the Wanderers since the

close match of the previous Saturday. Henry, captain and famous back, was again on the field, and Duffus (J. N.) reappeared to share with his brother—the baby of the Ottawa cricket match—the honors to be gained on the outskirts of every scrimmage.

As an offset to the high hopes of the civilians, there were whispers among those who, in Pinaforic phraseology,

“Sail the ocean blue,”

of good men obtained by the foot-ball press-gang from newly arrived ships: and stories of daily practice on the part of the Navy fifteen, of paper chases, and the presence of Herbert, who proved a tower of strength to his side, were calculated to make spectators discuss the probability of the Wanderers' meeting with their first defeat.

When the sides lined out at 3.25 every player seemed to realize that the match was one of unusual interest, and the kick-off was awaited in surprising silence. The Navy defended the southern goal for the first half of the game, which was played in two “twenty-fives” and five minutes interval. The ball was kicked off by Henry, rose and travelled only a few feet, and on its fall was picked up by a Navy forward and carried to centre field. A cry of “down,” and the first scrimmage in what proved to be a battle of the forwards is formed.

How much I wish that it were possible to tell the story of a match like that of Saturday without mentioning any player by name. For the report of a foot-ball match must necessarily follow that bone of contention, the ball, in its erratic journeying between goals. It is almost impossible to tell aught of the hard work of faithful forwards, whose efforts from start to finish of such a match as that of Saturday, in the long and hard fought scrimmages, and the occasional weary following of fleet-footed backs, have to be dismissed with the brief and well-worn tribute, “The forwards worked splendidly.” And on Saturday they did.

If in the first ten minutes of Saturday's match enthusiastic friends of the Wanderers predicted an easy victory for that club, as its red and black jerseys were seen again and again perilously near the Navy goal line, twice compelling cool and cautious backs to touch down in self-defence, the game assumed a very different complexion before the call of half time. For Short, the centre three-quarter for the Navy, made the running of the day, and, well supported by timely kicking of Herbert, gradually transferred the play to the Wanderers' quarters. And then, to the surprise and

delight of enthusiastic visitors from the fleet, it is noted that the Navy are proving superior to the Wanderers in the formation of scrimmages, to which the three-quarters on the civilian side are inclined to work much too close for safety. Towards the close of the first half of a game in which the playing of the backs has been overshadowed by plucky and obstinate fighting among the forwards, Short, out of some loose play, resultant from a long scrimmage which has exhausted all the forwards, very cleverly kicks—a goal? No. But near enough to still further excite spectators, who warmly commend the Navy upon the game efforts they are making to lower the red and black flag. The ball is again held by the forwards, who are so tenacious of their right to the glory of the day that any *accidental* (?) “heeling out” is at once drawn to the attention of the umpires. Half time. The players scamper off to the pavillion for refreshment, and to be congratulated by admiring friends.

Upon resuming play the forwards give early proof of their intention to make the battle theirs until the close of the match. But the Wanderers are evidently working with the grim determination to avert defeat for yet another season. Clouston, Bentley, and Crerar break through the first formed scrimmage by sheer strength, carrying the ball before them, and the last named forward captures and falls with the coveted leather inside the Navy goal line. The younger Duffus fails to convert the try into a goal. Out of the next scrimmage the ball at last becomes the property of the Wanderers’ backs, and some clever passing gives Henry a patiently waited for opportunity. He crosses the Navy goal line at an eleven-second gait, scattering excited on-lookers to the right and left. He is compelled to touch down at an awkward angle for Duffus’ second attempt at goal kicking. And then in the north-east corner of the field ensued a scrimmage to which the forwards may well look back with pride. Every foot of ground was won or lost during that scrimmage within five yards of the Navy goal line. Humphrey, Hart, Major, and the heavy weights of the Wanderers were interlocked in a fifteen minute struggle with the Navy forwards, led by Dathan and Hobbs, with all the patient obstinacy of those who are fighting in vain, but gloriously. Through this struggling mass Jones, playing well, burrows his way only to be collared by Shelford, the ubiquitous Navy half-back, and the ball is restored to the spot it has left. At last the ball is forced into *touch*, and a quartette of players claim the honor of having hands on. A Wanderer, Esson, is found among the prostrate forwards of the fleet, and the Navy umpire orders the formation

of another scrimmage, although his confrere has, when appealed to, given the ball to the Navy.

But why try to describe such a match when all played so well? One cannot reproduce the screams of encouragement from waiting backs to faithful forwards, the hoarse shouts of male spectators, the flutter of excitement among fair relatives of the players when some light weight is hurled across the line at their very feet, from whence he rises dazed, shakes himself, and rushes again into the fray.

That last five minutes of Saturday's match can be thus epitomized: Short, by a brilliant run, came near enough to the Wanderers' goal to look into the eyes of its grim sentinel, (Oxley); Henry, profiting by the unselfish play of Annand, and the strong running of Wylde, was robbed of a splendid chance to score another touch down, by his unwillingness to play the part of a modern Joseph; Shelford, Boldero, and Lyon renewed the hopes of the Navy by plucky attempts to shake off the Wanderers' forwards; Duffus (J. N.) made two swift rushes at the Navy goal line, and then his brother adds another to his many memorable bits of work on the foot-ball field by kicking a goal from the loose play following a protracted and final scrimmage. One of the umpires shouted: "Goal! Time!! Damn!!!" and the best game ever played in Halifax leaves the Wanderers yet unbeaten, and adds another to their long list of decisive victories.



It was my good fortune, in the summer of 1886, to accompany the Wanderers' Cricketers on their tour to Montreal and Ottawa, as special correspondent for the *Chronicle*. Although the Wanderers were not so successful as on a former tour, when a team Captained by Fuller played and won seven matches, it must be borne in mind that the elevens visited during the Ottawa tour were of heavier cricketing metal than those played by Fuller and his companions. But we had more enjoyment, my dear Fuller, when travelling among our own people of the Maritime Provinces.

WITH THE WANDERERS.

WAYSIDE OBSERVATIONS OF THE "CHRONICLE" CORRESPONDENT.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE WEST INDIAN TEAM—SIGHT SEEING IN QUEBEC.

WHEN, at the close of the Wanderers' cricketing tour of last season, a committee was appointed and met in St. John for the purpose of consulting with the Cricket Clubs of the Maritime Provinces upon the possibility of selecting an eleven to represent them during an extended tour of Canada, it seemed likely that such a team would be chosen. But the members of that Committee either relaxed their efforts during the winter months (when the memories of cricket are deadened by the interest taken in winter sports), or they found that, like as in other schemes for maritime union, there were conflicting interests and opinions to be considered, which made it expedient to defer any unionist projects for another season. Those who regret that the scheme to cull a representative Maritime Province eleven from St. John, Truro, Moncton, Sussex, and Sydney Cricket Clubs was not successful, may console themselves with the knowledge that the present plucky venture of the Wanderers will at least serve to test the strength of opposing Clubs in the larger Canadian cities. If the eleven now *en route* to meet the cricketers of Montreal, Ottawa, and the West Indies, are defeated, then lovers of the grand old game can devise means to organize the first proposed team from the Maritime Provinces for the summer of 1887. But if—and no stay-at-home members of the W. A. A. C. can realize the strength of purpose now animating its wandering representatives—victory should once again perch on the red and black banner of the Haligonian cricketers, then the modesty of the reception accorded to them at the close of last season's campaign may well be effaced by some reasonable and season-

able expression of joy and congratulation. For the present excursion of the Wanderers is not to result in a meeting with cricketers who have not the advantages in ground and training enjoyed by their opponents. It may well be claimed that to emblazon on the banner of 1885, *Stellarton, Pictou, Charlottetown, and Fredericton*, was not calculated to brighten the eyes of Wanderers' admiring wives, sisters, and sweethearts, who had seen their champions compete with the strength of the garrison and the pick of the fleet.

But it would be pardonable to throw up our caps in a wild fever of exultation, to ask members of the club to indulge in rejoicing, or to request our girls to sport its colours if these youthful wearers of the red and black can bat, bowl, and field successfully against the best cricketers of Canada, and a chosen team from the far away West Indies.

By the way, when, on the road to this ancient and most interesting city of Quebec, we purchased papers containing an account of the arrival in Montreal of the West Indians, there was temporary amazement among the Wanderers, created by the descriptions and records of their rival visitors. For many of the West Indians are cricketers whose batting and bowling averages are recorded in the annals of English schools and colleges. But a cheery and thoughtful member of the Wanderers eleven laughed to scorn all fears of opponents which were based simply upon *records*. And as the majority of the West Indians are reported to be "accompanied by their wives," we may reasonably infer that the Haligonians will be mere *colts* on the field where next Wednesday the first eventful match is to be played. However, our boys—(and good, steady boys they always prove themselves when the credit and reputation of their club is entrusted to them during a tour among strangers)—have, in the opinion of your correspondent, met the equals, so far as *record making* is concerned, of any of these West Indians, among the cricketers of the united service in Halifax.

So we are not dismayed at the newspaper parade of the excellencies of our opponents. We cannot describe our eleven in characters of fire, although a diligent interviewer may discover one of the Wanderers with a presentation bat, the plate on which records a score of 119 made for a good English club against worthy foemen, and one might be inclined to admit that the cricketers and foot-ballists of Merchiston who hail from Halifax, have not detracted from the glory of their school by their performances since leaving its playground.

Well, we are here in the glorious old city of Quebec. Your correspondent has been a true Wanderer, if to merit the appellation it be requisite to roam about the world or a corner of same. But no city seen by me on either side of the Atlantic possesses the quaint and wonderful attractions of old Quebec. Is there in all the world such another view as that which fills the vision of any one who has had the rare good fortune to stand on the top turret of the citadel and from that giddy height to see the picturesque beauties of Quebec and its surroundings? The Wanderers have seen Quebec under such circumstances on a cloudless summer day. Even the baby of the team was heard to babble of the beauty of the scene as we walked along the ramparts immediately beneath the elevation from which Mr. O'Brien, the President of the Royal Canadian Academy, painted his picture for the Queen. Yesterday afternoon the Wanderers drove to the celebrated falls of Montmorenci, and, 'tis needless to say, were delighted with the view, to many of them novel and awe-inspiring. We made the descent of the 397 steps leading to the foot of the Falls, and submitted to be bathed in the cooling spray which obscures with mist the last part of the downward journey. Of the ascent of that precipitous staircase the most athletic of our party speak with becoming respect for the endurance the journey demands. Even the wild rush down the slope of a certain Pictou County coal mine during the tour of last summer was not more fatiguing than the weary climb up Montmorenci Heights. But Montmorenci sharpened the appetites of all to a degree which must astound the waiters who stand aloof in open-mouthed wonderment at the table innings of the steadiest bat and best trencherman of the W. A. A. C.

On Saturday an eleven from the *Bellerophon* played the Stadacona Cricket Club and suffered defeat. In conversation with Mr. Herbert, we learned that the scoring of both sides was very insignificant, and that the inequalities of the ground made batting, with any degree of skill and certainty of favorable results, almost an impossibility.

I find that the apparent youthfulness of the Wanderers is exciting remark even in this hotel, the manager informing me this evening that our cricketers were *too young* to compare with the Montrealers. Can it be possible that youthfulness is a supposed bar to success even in field sports? Your representatives will make an effort to show the middle-aged cricketers of Montreal, Ottawa, and the West Indies that the Wanderers are worthy of their opponents' consideration on and off the field of

battle, and even should I have to chronicle defeat for the Haligonians, they will return home benefited by comparing their cricket playing with that of better known but not more popular elevens. Moreover, such an excursion as that which the Wanderers are now enjoying with all the vim and untiring energy of boyhood, serves to improve their minds, affording them, as it does, an opportunity of seeing distant cities and noting the manners and customs of people other than those with whom their daily lives in Halifax are passed.

To-day (Monday) the members of the team now in Quebec purpose proceeding to Montreal to witness the match between the West Indians and Montrealers. In my next letter I hope to be able to give your readers some idea of the cricketers with whom the Wanderers will struggle for supremacy on Wednesday next.

Sunday evening was passed quietly and pleasantly on the promenade overlooking the lower part of Quebec. Each player is animated with the desire to doff his travelling tweeds and once again put on the flannels and colors of the club whose cricketing reputation he is permitted to defend. Stories of last year's tour are retold to amuse those who were not with us on that memorable pilgrimage. And how we laugh as once again we are reminded of how the Wanderers' wicket-keeper astonished St. John, Halifax, and himself by a score of "thirty-eight, not out;" and, as he marched off the field, was met by a sympathizer whose congratulations were waved aside with the fretful remark, "Go away, Spuddy, don't speak to me; I could have stayed in for four years." And then, for the encouragement of the *infant* of this year's eleven (Duffus), we tell of that glorious day when the *babies* of 1885 (Cochran and Burns), in playing against the hospitable cricketers of St. John, were not separated until they had rolled up eighty-six runs by faultless and steady batting. In these and similar reminiscences of by-gone cricket, we find food for pleasant gossip and reflection, and, as the big yellow moon rises over the distant mountains and sheds a blaze of light on the river, throwing out in bold relief the mighty hull and lofty spars of the admiral's flagship, we wander to our temporary home in the Saint Louis Hotel, now filled from basement to garret with an army of summer tourists.

* * * * *

BEFORE leaving Quebec on Monday morning the Wanderers drove out to the cricket ground of the Stadacona Club on the Plains of Abraham. The field fully merited the description of it we had received from the *Bellerophon* cricketers, and the practice was unsatisfactory and decidedly dangerous to batsmen. At 2.30 we left for Montreal by the Canadian Pacific, and the journey was made lively and entertaining for fellow passengers of the Wanderers by many an exchange of international courtesies between them and French travellers. At Three Rivers we succeeded in obtaining papers containing a full report of the result of the match—Canada *versus* the United States; and when the news of the victory of the Canadians was read out the spirit of the Haligonian cricketers found vent in loud expressions of congratulation to the representatives of the W. A. A. C. who had the good fortune to assist in the discomfiture of the Americans, who were, according to the New York *Herald*, "out-fielded, out-bowled, and out-batted" by their Canadian neighbors.

At nine o'clock in the evening we reached Montreal. Of the Canadian Pacific railway station in that City I prefer to write very little—as we have not yet found time to ascertain if there is any reasonable excuse for the wretchedly poor and insufficient accommodation afforded the travelling public who are lured into patronizing the C. P. R. We were landed on an *uncovered platform*, and it was raining hard. There were no friendly, well-informed officials, as on the I. C. R., to direct the passengers where and how to find an exit from the station. The few cabs in waiting were driven by impudent and ignorant Frenchmen, who seemed to be subject to no control by the railway authorities, and without fear of the police. To add to our mortification, the luggage, for which we held the usual *checks*, was not forthcoming when wanted, and we were told that the baggage-car being full when the train left Quebec, the bulk of the baggage had been left there *to be forwarded by the next train*. The millions expended in the construction of this railway must have been lavished on the other end of the line. I write of the C. P. R. as the Wanderers have found it, and will be glad to hear that our experience has not been that of other travellers.*

* What I have seen of the C. P. R. since 1886 has changed my opinion of the road, which I now regard as one of the best equipped and most enterprising lines of railway in the world, and as a triumph of engineering skill over what seemed insuperable obstacles.

At 10 o'clock yesterday morning we found our way to the Montreal cricket ground. I use the expression *found our way*, as a mild and delicate reference to the absence of any guide or guides from the Cricket Club of this City. If I am condemning unjustly the members of the M. C. C., they are bound to forgive me. It may be their intention to atone for apparent neglect of visitors from a *far distant* City. Nevertheless, 'tis true that when the Haligonians arrived at Montreal last evening no representative of its Cricket Club appeared to welcome them. And when, on the following morning, we visited them on their own grounds, our journey thither was performed on foot, and unattended by any of the non-players of the Montreal Cricket Club. However, I do not repine. When the M. C. C. visit Halifax we will be able to give them our ideas of receiving a visiting club.

Upon arriving at the cricket ground we found the West Indians at their first innings. They had been singularly unfortunate on the preceding day. After playing for an hour the rain favored the batting team (Montreal), whose first three wickets had fallen for next to nothing, and before the professional (Lacey) and Liddell, an excellent bat, were disposed of they ran up some 70 runs. The arrival of the Wanderers on the field seemed to animate their fellow-visitors to Montreal with new life, and, although in their first innings the West Indians did not show to advantage, their second proved a veritable eye opener to both Montrealers and Haligonians.

When the West Indians went to the bat for the final innings they had 188 runs to make. Of these 110 were scored with the loss of three wickets when time was called, and nearly all the spectators seemed to be of the opinion that the draw was in favor of the gentlemen from the tropics. Annand, of the Wanderers, played for the West Indians, and although he did not, as cricketers say, "come off," his batting and fielding was the subject of very favorable comment.

The grounds of the Montreal Cricket and Tennis Club are not, in my opinion, so well kept as those of the W. A. A. C. The tennis courts appear to be the property of a separate and distinct clique of painfully select people. There is only one gate to the grounds, and the patrons of tennis, objecting to pay for admission to a cricket match, there was quite a breezy discussion upon the rights and privileges of the upper ten who chose to turn their backs upon the cricket field and the lower five who had to pay for gazing at the *foreign* cricketers. I do not think that at any time of

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the day there were fifty spectators on the cricket ground, and many of these were friends of the Wanderers (not members of the Montreal Cricket Club), who were eager to see and welcome them, and apparently desirous to see the star of Halifax in the ascendancy—at least in cricket. But enthusiasm over tennis seems to be the correct thing in Montreal, and the best efforts of the visiting cricketers receive no smiles of encouragement nor hand-clapping from the ladies of Montreal. In fact, cricket seems to be a game of which the Montrealers know, and care to know, nothing. This was clearly shown when this morning (Wednesday) the visiting elevens commenced their advertised match, and played all day before some *twenty* spectators, half a dozen of whom were reporters of newspapers.

But although Montreal evinced no wish to watch a game they do not understand, the Haligonians and West Indians fraternized and had a very interesting game. In conversation with some of the gentlemen from Jamaica, I learn that many of them have been well-known players for English schools and colleges. They are evidently sincere in their praises of the Wanderers' fielding, and are loud in their expressions of regret at their inability to visit Halifax, where they seem to think any matches played would have attracted more attention than in this very un-English city. As the cricket tour is for many of the West Indians a summer vacation, they are in search of social recreation to combine with cricket, and from remarks dropped by Wanderers, their fellow visitors to Montreal are beginning to think that Halifax would have proved a more pleasant resting place than this city. But to return to cricket.

As telegraphed by me this evening, the Wanderers' captain, winning the toss, elected to take the field, and, to bring this letter to a close, let me here say that they were kept on the said field for six hours under a scorching sun. Some of us questioned Henry's judgment in deciding to test the West Indians' batting before giving them some of the sunshine and leather hunting. But your correspondent thinks that the Wanderers' captain had every reason to believe that the *crease* would improve as the day grew older. When I have to chronicle that Thomson, Fuller, Anand, Kaizer, Duffus, and Henry bowled in vain against the stubborn batsmen from the tropics, to whom the heat and glare of the sun was refreshing and homelike, your readers will be able to form an opinion, and it cannot be too favorable, of what sort of cricketers these West Indians are. However, everything must come to an end, and, at 5 o'clock, I

closed the score-book with a big sigh over the task ahead of my poor companion Wanderers, and shrieked to the last enquirer for the total score "314." Of these runs 80 were contributed by the Canadians playing for the West Indians, whose team is not yet complete.

And then the weary wearers of the red and black caps were sent to the bat. Kaizer and Harris faced the bowlers. The latter succumbed to a comparatively easy-to-play ball from Stewart, having scored only three. Oxley followed. He had been particularly active on the field, securing much applause for faultless work. But, overpowered by heat and fatigue, he scored four and then played one up and into the ready hands of Mr. Isaacs. At time of writing Henry and Kaizer are keeping company and playing steadily. Kaizer has scored two fours, a two, and a single, and, if the wicket remains heavy, as to-day has proved it to be, I predict that the West Indians will not easily dispose of our best batting representatives. Annand is to follow the first to fall, and the Wanderers are looking to him for a good addition to the score sheet. And now let me close this letter by assuring the members and friends of the Wanderers' Amateur Athletic Club that their tired cricketers are retiring to rest this night in the assurance that the result of to-day's innings of the West Indians was not owing to any weakness in the fielding of their opponents, who are playing their best for the honor and reputation of the good city of Halifax.

* * * * *

YOUR telegraphic enquiry for news of the Wanderers reached me when on the cricket field this morning watching the Haligonians fielding against the batting of the Montreal Club and *ground*. The delay in transmitting news of the Wanderers' defeat by the West Indians was not owing to negligence on the part of your correspondent, and the telegraph company have apologized for the inattention of their servant at the Balmoral Hotel—where the Wanderers are comfortably quartered, paying for board and lodging \$2 per day. There was no desire on the part of the Wanderers to have the news of the West Indians' victory suppressed for even a day, and, upon my return from the cricket field yesterday evening, I despatched promptly a message which might well have been clothed in the language of—was it Francis the First at the battle of Pavia who apprised somebody of the result of that engagement with the historical utterance:

"All is lost save honor."? At all events, your readers now know the issue of our meeting with a team of cricketers such as better clubs than the Wanderers will be badly defeated by. I am ready to stake the reputation of a careful observer of the national game of old England upon the prediction (in print) that the gentlemen players of the West Indies, with whom we parted company last night at the Montreal station of the Canadian Pacific Railway, will return home almost *unbeaten*. That the Montrealers were able to make a drawn game of the first match played by the West Indians since leaving Jamaica is not easily accounted for. All the sensible members of the W. A. A. C. now in Montreal cheerfully admit that these ex-captains, etc., of English college and school elevens were strong enough as *batsmen* to play twenty-two of the Wanderers. And now, when referring to the batting of the West Indians, let me draw attention to the evident weakness of the Wanderers in this particular. Attention has been drawn again and again by onlookers at the games played here to the capital fielding of the youthful cricketers from Halifax. These very references to the brilliant *fielding* of the Wanderers emboldens me to comment freely and fearlessly upon their miserable batting. If the interested readers of these letters of a warm supporter of the W. A. A. C. are not willing to accept the opinion of a critic who has not handled a cricket bat for the past fifteen years, let me strengthen said opinion by stating that the best men among the cricketing visitors from warm latitudes agree with me in declaring that *Henry, Duffus, Allison, and Annand* are the *only* members of the present eleven who can *play* a well delivered ball in a fashion to command the respect and admiration of well trained cricketers. 'Tis true that Kaizer and Brookfield can be relied upon to contribute a fair quota of the runs made by the Wanderers in any ordinary match. But the very scoring of the former attracts attention to the poor form of his run getting and successful defence of the wickets; and the powerful driving of Brookfield is sadly offset by the awkwardness of his treatment of bowling which requires careful handling.* In Neal and Oxley, whose fielding has been so warmly commended by Montreal newspapers, the Club has two patient and careful players, spoiling for want of a season's hard practice in free and easy handling of the bat. In this outspoken condemnation of the batting of the eleven now representing the civilian cricketers of Halifax, I have set down naught in malice, and my only purpose in thus writing is to stimulate the W. A. A. C. into securing, if only

* Both these cricketers have since made such criticism seem undeserved.

for one season, the services of a good batting professional, who could, in my opinion, make of the players mentioned *showy* as they are now *useful* bats, and would undoubtedly pull batting material out of our crack bowlers and ubiquitous wicket-keeper.

I did intend to pen a full report of the Wanderers *vs.* West Indian match. But I find the task unpleasant—altho' the lesson taught by the game may be useful. I told you, by telegraph, how the Wanderers' patiently fielded all day under a blazing sun against the strongest batting team I have seen since, in 1878, the Australians met their first defeat from Cambridge University. None of my readers will be interested in the story of the Wanderers' half-hearted and hopeless attempt to make 314 runs—the total score of the West Indians' first innings. Let those who object to my kind criticism of the Wanderers' batting look at the scores made in *two* innings against their opponents. Except for Henry's capitally put together forty in the first innings, there is nothing to be proud of in the recorded scores.

And now let me take back and swallow, if necessary, some of my remarks upon the apparent indifference of the Montreal Cricket Club to the presence of their visitors in this City. Possibly, as Mr. Cattermole of "Private Secretary" fame would say, my *stoccado* with the pen at our hosts on night of arrival may be attributed to *liver*. For we have been well entertained since my complaint was breathed into a letter, the sending of which I partly regret. To Mr. Stancliffe (the President), and other members of the Montreal Cricket Club, we owe much for their courtesy and kindness, and the caterers to comfort of visiting clubs in Halifax may well accept a lesson in lunch-giving from those who have eaten daily the carefully prepared meal to which the Wanderers are regularly called by their Montreal entertainers.

I am not in the mood to commence a report of the match now being played between Montreal and Wanderers, and will leave particulars of the same for my next letter. We are jubilant to-night at the prospects of defeating the M. C. C. *and ground*. The present condition of the match I have already wired to you. The Montrealers have commenced their second innings, and Fuller and Allison have disposed of 5 wickets for 31 runs. If the Wanderers continue to field in the admirable manner of to-day, and can *collar* Gough's bowling when taking their second innings, I shall certainly have to telegraph good tidings to their numerous friends and supporters in dear old Halifax.

When the team first arrived here they had a Mascot with them. The loss of the Mascot is, strange to say, not made a subject for mourning. As an American humorist says of the carrying of Mascots by base-ball teams—'tis all very well to carry a Mascot to entertain the crowd, but it takes all the team to entertain the Mascot. So *ours* has been sent away, and, although we miss his round chubby face and engaging ways, his absence admits of more attention being given to watching the game and nursing the team.

Let me close this letter by saying that but for slight indisposition of one of the bowlers the eleven and their attendants are well and apparently happy. In leisure hours, when not engaged in describing the causes of their sudden exits from the wickets, they are shooting Lachine Rapids and *doing* the City.

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ALTHOUGH beaten in the match with the Montreal Club and ground, the friends of the Wanderers never had better reason to be proud of the cricketers of the club than is afforded them in the gallant effort made to-day to obtain a victory under most discouraging circumstances. With Annand disabled, and Thomson too indisposed to play, the Wanderers were sadly handicapped. And yet, as the annexed score will show, the result was uncertain to the close of the match, and it seems to be the general opinion that nothing, save the Wanderers' misfortunes, and the presence of professionals on the Montrealers' eleven, saved the latter team from defeat. The Wanderers are not discouraged, and venture to think that they have shown their ability to cope with any cricket club in Canada. The team will proceed to Ottawa to-morrow and play the cricketers of that city, and Bell, of the International team, on Monday and Tuesday. Bell is a resident of Montreal, but the Wanderers are ready to meet all comers, as they have done in both matches played. If Thomson is well, the team hope to render an equally good account of themselves in Ottawa.

MONTREAL—FIRST INNINGS.

Bell, b. Annand,	51
Brown, c. Kaizer, b. Annand,	10
Stancliffe, b. Fuller,	3
Lacey (professional), run out,	4
Pinkney, c. Annand, b. Fuller,	9
Gough, b. Annand,	0
Smith, b. Annand,	0
Barton, thrown out, Brookfield, ...	5
Duffus, b. Annand,	2
Beever, run out,	14
Bourgeois, c. Kaizer, b. Annand, ...	12
Trimble, not out,	1
Extras,	8
Total,	119

WANDERERS—FIRST INNINGS.

Kaizer, b. Gough,	6
Oxley, c. Bourgeois, b. Gough,	1
Neal, c. Beever, b. Gough,	5
Henry, b. Gough,	2
Allison, b. Gough,	12
Harris, hit wicket, b. Gough,	1
Duffus, b. Gough,	8
Annand, c. Lacey, b. Gough,	4
Brookfield, b. Gough,	31
Bligh, b. Gough,	0
Cummings, not out,	0
Fuller, b. Lacey,	0
Extras,	2
Total,	73

MONTREAL—SECOND INNINGS.

Bell, c. and b. Allison,	28
Brown, run out,	2
Stancliffe, stp. Blight, b. Fuller, ...	2
Lacey, b. Fuller,	8
Pinkney, c. and b. Allison,	3
Beever, c. Henry, b. Fuller,	24
Gough, b. Fuller,	8
Smith, c. Brookfield, b. Fuller,	5
Barton, b. Allison,	10
Duffus, run out,	2
Bourgeois, not out,	5
Trimble, b. Duffus,	3
Extras,	2
Total,	90

WANDERERS—SECOND INNINGS.

Allison, run out,	9
Kaizer, b. Lacey,	16
Henry, c. Gough, b. Bourgeois, ...	26
Oxley, b. Stancliffe,	34
Duffus, b. Lacey,	0
Blight, c. Gough, b. Lacey,	1
Neal, b. Gough,	11
Brookfield, l. b. w., Stancliffe,	0
Annand, b. Stancliffe,	0
Harris, not out,	9
Cummings, run out,	0
Fuller, b. Stancliffe,	6
Extras,	5
Total,	117

BOWLING ANALYSIS—WANDERERS.

First Innings.

	Runs.	Wickets.	Overs.	Maidens.
Kaizer,	29	0	13	6
Fuller,	38	2	25	9
Annand,	30	6	26	13
Allison,	10	0	6	2

Second Innings.

Annand,	5	0	5	3
Fuller,	40	5	25	12
Kaizer,	19	0	8	2
Allison,	23	3	8	1
Duffus,	1	1	4	3

* * * * *

LET me now attempt to give you some account of the exciting game of cricket played with the Montreal Cricket Club on Friday and Saturday last, the closing incidents of which were watched with breathless interest by your correspondent from the narrow confines of the scoring box of the M. C. C.—a veritable oven on such an afternoon as that of Saturday in this City of Montreal.

As I informed you by telegraph, the first innings of Montreal resulted in 119 runs being put to their credit, to which total Mr. Bell, who has played against the Wanderers in both matches, and is numbered among their opponents at Ottawa, contributed 51 before he was clean bowled by Annand. Lacey, the much dreaded *professional* of the M. C. C., was fortunately *run out*, a rare bit of testimony to the excellence of the Wanderers' fielding, which has gained for the Club a high place in the estimation of Canadian cricketers. The very presence of Lacey among the Montrealers gives to them confidence, and although he only obtained four

wickets in the match against the Wanderers, the strength of his support to the eleven he so ably *coaches* cannot be over-estimated. I am glad to be able to write that this capital cricketer, who is of Nottingham, England, entertains a high opinion of the Wanderers' fielding and bowling. He states that the only weakness in the bowling is that 'tis "too straight," and not offering sufficient temptation to batsmen who are inclined to touch any ball not quite *on the wicket*. Pinckney, an ex-professional player, was caught by Annand off Fuller's bowling, and the latter also broke through the guard of Mr. Stancliffe, the President of the Club, who returned the civility in the Wanderers' second innings. Annand, until strained severely, was bowling in capital style, as scrutiny of the analysis sent by telegraph will show. After disposing of Bell (51) he sent Messrs. Gough and Smith to the pavilion with *eggs*, and Brown and Bourgeois, the last named a French bowler with an eccentric delivery, were both caught by Kaiser off Annand's bowling. And all this time the Wanderers in the field were winning rounds of applause for pretty and useful work.

When the Wanderers commenced their first innings, they seemed to be unable to stand up against the mid-day sun and the capital bowling of Mr. Gough (an official of the Bank of Montreal), captain of the M. C. C. Messrs. Kaizer, Henry, Allison, Duffus, Brookfield, and Bligh were all clean bowled by this Montreal Spofforth, and he can also claim the catches which disposed of Messrs. Oxley, Neal, and Annand.

The Wanderers' batting performance in their first innings was not creditable, save for the powerful driving of Brookfield for a score of 31, made up of a five, two fours, three threes, three twos, and three singles, and the really pretty batting of Allison for a dozen, containing only one single.

Some idea of the task ahead of the Wanderers when, at 5 p. m. on Friday, their first innings closed for 73, may be gained from a brief consideration of the circumstances under which they were now playing. Annand, whose effective bowling contributed so largely to the Montrealers' downfall for 119 in their first innings, was disabled, and Thomson, the always steady and useful companion of Fuller, was among the spectators, being indisposed. But even with the team thus weakened, the Wanderers went out at five o'clock, prepared for *clock-work* fielding, in the effort to keep the Montrealers' score in their second innings within beating limits. "With forty-six runs to the bad and out of luck," as a gloomy member of the club remarked, "*our task isn't an easy one, but we'll show them that the lower provinces are not to be despised.*"

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Well, before six o'clock five Montreal wickets were down for 31 runs, and among the fallen batsmen were Bell and Lacey, the former caught and bowled for 18 by Allison, who disposed of the ex-professional, Pinckney, in the same fashion, and Lacey's wickets beautifully razed by Fuller, off whose bowling Stancliffe was stumped by Bligh. Perhaps the Wanderers were somewhat too jubilant over the outcome of their work on Friday evening. For the next morning the Montrealers rolled up 19 runs in five overs off Allison, whose *slows*, in the searching light of the forenoon, were a fatal blow, as it proved, to the Wanderers' chances. To the 31 of the previous night a Mr. Beever added 24, before Henry, ever watchful for catches, sent this capital cricketer to mingle with the onlookers at the game. And then the M. C. C. Captain, Gough, contributed eight to the total of his side before he became one of five victims to Fuller's bowling. But of what avail to recite how the Montrealers converted the 31 of Friday night into a total score of 90 at high twelve on Saturday. The last wicket was captured by Duffus, for whose bowling services Captain Henry might well have called earlier, as the analysis of this youthful Wanderer shows four overs, three maidens, one run, and one wicket.

So, at 12 o'clock on Saturday, the Wanderers knew what was required of them to score a victory over the M. C. and ground—*one hundred and thirty-seven runs*. Let us follow them in their innings, and note how and when the game was lost, although, in the opinion of many here, the glory belongs to the defeated, whose total score was 117.

Allison and Kaizer first faced the Montreal bowlers, Gough and Lacey (professional). The former should be urged by brother cricketers to practice running. After gaining much applause, and scoring nine runs, he was run out—would it be unkind to say by Kaizer? And then the batting and fielding mainstay of the Wanderers, Henry, joined Kaizer, and our spirits rose, and we split our throats with encouraging shouts as twos and threes and fours were added to the score so rapidly as to silence Montrealers at the pavillion, who had been hoping that the M. C. C. "would not win by too much." Alas! how quickly our spirits fall to zero when Kaizer (16) is bowled by the dangerous professional, and Henry drives a warm one into the waiting hands of Gough, after a rattling innings for 26. And then Duffus trots away from the wicket with an unbroken egg—another wicket to Lacey. He is followed by Bligh, caught by Gough off the professional's bowling, for one run. But the game is not yet lost, and again the Wanderers' hand-clapping startles the swarm of flies hovering

in the summer air around the scorer's box, as Oxley and Neal make their now famous effort to gain the day for Halifax. The pleasant possibility of victory looms up into almost certainty as Oxley retires, bowled by Stancliffe, and the bulletin board records 34 runs to his credit. Bravo! Oxley, And even when Neal fails to appreciate the break of a ball delivered by Gough, and is cheered for his well earned eleven, we have Brookfield and Annand left to fight for the red and black standard. What is this? An appeal to the umpire, who declares that Brookfield's legs should not occupy that spot of ground immediately in front of the wicket, to which the bowler can lay claim unless the bat gets there first. And so Brookfield trudges off to be consoled with when our fever of anxiety is over. For Annand is left. He is lame, and takes a runner to the wicket, and then they both are *called back* to us—richer by one egg, owing to Stancliffe's bowling. The bowler, Fuller, makes a dying effort to avert defeat, and adds six to the total. Harris, in a way the other Wanderers seem unable to understand, actually scores nine, after running out his companion, Cummings, and the game is over. *The Wanderers are beaten by nineteen runs.* And yet, they feel as if the day's playing had resulted in a victory. For they have clearly shown that they need not be ashamed to claim recognition from the *best cricket clubs in all Canada*, and they have maintained their right to consideration when future international matches are being arranged for.

If I fail to tell you of what the Wanderers said and did after 3 p. m. on Saturday, when the match was concluded, it is because each member of the club is free to seek his own amusements when not representing Halifax on the cricket field. Some of us witnessed one of the exciting lacrosse matches in which Montreal takes so much interest. As played by the Shamrocks and Cornwalls, it seemed to me to be a rough game, although one's admiration of the players' skill, fleetness of foot, and endurance subdues your disgust over an occasional stand up fight between the contending clubs.

I can understand now why Montreal does not support and patronize cricket. The majority of its people have not the taste and time to give to such a *quiet* game.

Let me again refer to the kindness of some of the members of the M. C. C. There are many of them for whom the Wanderers will be unable to do enough when our present hosts become our visiting guests. If aught said in previous letters of the *coldness* of our reception has given

offence, let me acknowledge that my remarks, like those of certain Montreal newspapers, were *too hastily penned*.

Yesterday some of us shot the Lachine Rapids. For the information of those who may visit Montreal, let me here say that, although to many Wanderers disappointing, the excursion is worth its cost—*fifty cents*. One of our party, Ivo, complained that the experience was not such as he had been led to expect from a study of the picture of "Shooting Lachine Rapids" in school geographies.

However, travel corrects many wrong impressions conveyed by books and by those who see things in a different light from our Wanderers. I must admit that the passage of the Lachine rapids, however exciting it might prove in a canoe, is not sufficiently seasoned with a spice of danger to make it alluring to those who look for something thrilling.

But so long as the rapids exist this eminently plausible fiction of the pitching and tossing steamer and its freight of awe-struck passengers will lure the tourist into financial ruin and a visit to Lachine. I laugh now at the drollery of the Wanderers' wicket-keeper, who, when our steamer was really running through the worst spot of these troubled waters, strolled over to the deck-house, through the open window of which one sees four men (does the work demand their services, or are the extra men put on for effect?) at the wheel of the steamer, and attracting the attention of one of the quartette with, "Say, Boss!" asked "are these the rapids?" His matchless effrontery and dry humor is a perfect bonanza to the more timid of our party who dread disputing with gesticulating French Jehus, and are afraid to question strangers as to their whereabouts.

This evening at eight we start for Ottawa to play the last match of the tour, and even if defeat awaits the Wanderers they will return to Halifax benefited by fresh air and exercise, and happy in the knowledge of having put a summer vacation to some use in establishing the reputation for good cricket now enjoyed by the W. A. A. C.

* * * * *

THE Wanderers left Montreal on Sunday evening, and arrived at Ottawa at 11.30. Our experience of the Canada Pacific Railway proved equally surprising when we arrived at the Montreal depot of the C. P. R. to take the train for Ottawa as when *en route* to Montreal from Quebec, at which latter station our luggage was left "to be forwarded by next train," so a conductor informed us. To reach the uncovered plat-

form of the railway one has to descend several flights of stairs. The baggage room is at the entrance to said staircase, and from said room trunks, portmanteaus, etc., are lowered by a *lift or dumb waiter* to the train. When the Wanderers arrived with some fifteen pieces of baggage to be checked for Ottawa, the one official entrusted with the work of this department was eagerly questioned as to the possibility of our belongings being left behind. The baggage checker readily admitted that, unless he was "helped," the possibility would become a certainty. So the Wanderers *fielded out*. The captain affixed the checks, and called out the numbers to the entering clerk (Baby), and the rest of the eleven, assisted by the official of the C. P. R., sent that baggage to the platform below in the quickest time on record. I now believe the stories of travellers who complain that the management of the C. P. R. is so faulty that passengers and their baggage seldom journey by the same train. Let us hope that if the C. P. R. obtain the contract for the English mail service an occasional bag of letters will not be left behind "for the next steamer."*

At Ottawa we obtained comfortable quarters in the Grand Union hotel (managed by Mr. Minns, late of Brunswick house, Moncton), and during our stay there we met Mr. Martin J. Griffin, Librarian at Ottawa, to whose kindness and courtesy we owe much of our enjoyment of the *sights* of Ottawa. Judge Henry and the Minister of Justice were spectators at the cricket match, and warmly congratulated the Wanderers on their victory.†

And now to tell the story of the victory over the Ottawa cricketers — a victory glorious enough to efface recollections of our misfortune at Montreal, and sufficient to justify my frequently expressed opinion that the Wanderers are strong enough to play and win matches with any Club in Canada. On the Saturday preceding the arrival of the Haligonians the Ottawa Club had been defeated by the West Indians, and although that match was close enough to give the Ottawa cricketers confidence in their ability to beat the Wanderers with ease, the former accepted the services of Mr. Bell, of Montreal. As every eleven the Wanderers have met during their tour has been strengthened by said eleven securing the *best*

* These remarks do not apply to the present management of the C. P. R., as its officials are now noted for their attention to the comfort of passengers. I hope Sir George Stephen will note the repentance and apology of "Vagrant," and enable that Wanderer to cross the Rocky Mountains in search of the attractions of the C. P. R., etc., etc. I shall be glad to expiate my offence, McPherson. VAGRANT.

† At one time during this match the late Mr. Justice Henry, the Minister of Justice, Mr. Griffin, and Mr. D. B. Woodworth, were the only spectators.

players from other clubs, our boys said little when the international cricketer pursued them to Ottawa and appeared on the field for the third time to play against visitors from far away Nova Scotia.

Well, at 11 o'clock on Monday morning the Wanderers found their way to the beautiful cricket ground at Rideau Hall. It seemed strange to us that visiting cricketers should have to ask a friendly policeman to direct them to the cricket grounds. But a happy and charitable thought has served to remove from our minds any impression of neglect on the part of our hosts: *The West Indian Cricketers have been ahead of the Wanderers throughout the tour.* The W. A. A. C. are the *second* circus on the road, and attract little attention until its cricketers' commence to play, and then * * * let us return to the story of the match.

The Ottawa Captain won the toss, and elected to take the first innings. Thomson and Fuller are the bowlers on a *crease* which occasional showers is fast making slippery. Bell, of the International, and Steele are the batsmen. Both bowlers are well on the wicket, and the first six overs only show one run. And then the game grows interesting. Steele is caught and bowled by Thomson for seven runs, and is succeeded by one of the trio of Ottawa cricketers, named Smith. The new arrival at the wicket is caught by Neal off the same bowler, and Bell, forgetting for an evil moment the excellence of the Wanderers' fielding, is run out. The next Smith fails to play the third slow ball from Allison, who has succeeded Fuller, and Brunel is unable to keep Duffus from finding the way to the stumps. And then came a lengthened stand. Wilson and Coste add 67 to the score before the last named is caught by Bligh, who in the same over off Allison's, catches the last of the Smiths. The ninth man, Lawrence, is beautifully caught by Harris off the same bowler, and Taylor is cleaned bowled by Duffus. The last man is making a final stand for Ottawa, when Henry relieves Allison. The first ball from the Wanderers' Captain is cut sharply by Nutting into the hands of Kaiser, and the first innings for Ottawa is over.

One hundred and eighteen runs, last man 5, is the announcement which confronts the Wanderers from the excellent bulletin board of the Ottawa Club, as our boys run into the pavillion to await their innings, and discuss the probabilities of winning the last match of their tour. The nurse of the club looks anxious-eyed, as the Captain jots down for the scorers the order of in-going, and a consultation results in strengthening the centre of the batting eleven. The Ottawa players go to the field with commendable

promptitude. They have been at the bat all day, and their friends in the pavillion (on the roof of which, let me tell the committee of the W. A. A. C., is excellent seating accommodation for four hundred people) talk confidently of victory, advancing the weak argument that the red and black capped batsmen have not exceeded 118 in a single innings; that the O. C. C. will make a big score "to-morrow;" Bell is good for fifty or sixty instead of six, and Steele didn't "come off," etc. Let me, like a school boy, recall some of these *'tween the acts* incidents of the match, and exult a little over the discomfiture of Ottawa, for we are inclined to swagger to-day, and the scarlet and black caps and jackets of the eleven, and the rosettes of similar colored ribbons worn by the non-combatants of the W. A. A. C., are now attracting a little more attention than before the match. Let us enjoy the victory. We have borne defeat, under aggravating circumstances, in silence.

So the Wanderers are in; Kaizer and Allison facing the bowling of Messrs. Coste and Steele. Each bowler is credited with a *maiden* and then Kaizer commences his useful work of breaking the bowling.

"Slow we counted them — run for run,—
Loud we boasted the cut for one,
And treasured the single bye."

The scores of Allison and Kaizer were useful contributions of 19 and 21. Allison was caught by Taylor off Coste's bowling, and Kaizer was conquered by a ball from Wilson. Harris, playing carefully, made four runs, and was then caught by Wilson, and Neal following, played one into the ready hands of Bell. Duffus cut one from Coste for two, only to be caught on the next ball by Nutting. The last three batsmen have fallen for six runs, and the telegraph shews *five wickets down for 50 runs*. And then we obtained an illustration for a verse of the old Harrow song: "Lords, 1873."

"And when at the last we trembling said,
'Can any one now be found
To keep, with valour of hand and head,
For a hundred runs, his ground?
Somebody—ah! he would, we knew—
Somebody played it steadily through!"

Oxley and Henry faced the bowling together on the downfall of Neal and Duffus. An Ottawa newspaper in its report of the match describes the innings of Henry and Oxley thus: "Thenceforth ensued one of the finest exhibitions of batting ever seen in Ottawa. Fours, fives, and sixes

followed one another fast and furious. For an hour and a half the batsmen defied all efforts of the bowlers to dislodge them, while the spectators cheered themselves hoarse, and when stumps were drawn at six o'clock they had brought the score from 50 up to 186, both being *not out*. They averaged more than a run a minute while they were in. It is doubtful if this has ever been paralleled on the Rideau Hall ground."

I know that this extract from the Ottawa *Evening Journal* was penned by a Haligonian, now resident in Ottawa, who is apt to be LOUD in moments of exultation. But I am inclined to endorse every word of the above extract, even whilst regretting that he, the writer of this glowing account, did not admit that the bowlers were on slippery ground and broken by the stubborn resistance of Kaizer and Allison. However, if bowlers are handicapped by slippery ground and a wet ball, the batsmen are as frequently deceived in playing a ball which *hangs* owing to state of ground, and then again the batsmen may slip when running between wickets. Moreover, the Ottawa players enjoyed similar advantages, if such they are, in the first innings—and they know it.

On Tuesday morning the match was resumed, and the interest of both sides was centred in Henry's ability to convert the 87 of the previous day into his first *century*. It was not to be. At 92 the international player, Bell, caught the hero of the match off Brunel's bowling, and Henry was cheered and congratulated again and again as he gave way to Brookfield. This player added 18 to the score before the ill-luck, which has pursued him since he joined the eleven, was shown in Oxley's call for a short run, which Brookfield's lameness would not admit of.

Bligh, whose wicket-keeping has attracted attention during the tour, joined Oxley. To the latter Bell delivered a ball which was played into Steele's hands, and Henry's able supporter was disposed of. And if the W. A. A. C. fails to present Oxley with a bat for the care and patience which has distinguished his play throughout the tour, and gained for him 53 in the Ottawa match, he ought to connect himself with a more appreciative body of cricketers.

Thomson and Fuller added one to the score, the latter then being qualified to sympathize with Brookfield, who was *run out*, and Bligh, with one run and a large "not out" to his credit, strode in from the field to put on his gloves.

The full score of the Wanderers (230) gave them a lead of 112 runs, and yet the Ottawa cricketers were not discouraged and openly talked of

a drawn match, that Bell would be in all day, etc., etc. But they underestimated the energy and determination of the Wanderers when serious work is ahead of them. Every Wanderer, as he returned to the field after lunch, was bent on showing the Ottawa men that the defeat of the Haliogonians in Montreal could not be repeated in Ottawa, and that with the game in their hands and dependent only on good fielding and bowling, the Wanderers would not be satisfied with a draw in their favor. So Fuller, Thomson, and Duffus set to work, well supported by the field, to keep the Ottawa score within beating limit by one innings. And they did it.

Steele, the first man, was *run out* (Ottawa umpire decision), owing to his companion's indifference about the Wanderers' sharp fielding. Then Smith the first was magnificently caught by Harris. The dreaded Bell, caught by Brookfield, retired for 18 runs, and Brunel and Wilson were both caught by Bligh. Smith the second followed Wilson to the pavilion, caught by Oxley. Lawrence and Nutting were clean bowled by Duffus in two consecutive balls, and Smith the third and last was caught and bowled by Fuller. The Captain of the Wanderers gathered in a catch put up by the tenth man, and the blackboard only showed 64 runs.

The Wanderers are the victors by an innings and 48 runs. I do not like to praise the Wanderers for their fielding in the second innings, and yet they deserve your plaudits for yesterday's work. Look at the record of Ottawa's second innings! Seven men caught and two clean bowled. It was not the Wanderers' day for missing anything that rose a foot from the ground. The "honorable Ivo," when strolling homeward to the hotel, was heard to say, "Look here, boys, I could have caught a rattlesnake if one had been thrown to me behind that wicket to-day."

OTTAWA.

First Innings.

B. H. Steele, c. and b. Thomson,	7
B. T. A. Bell, run out,	6
A. C. Smith, c. Neal, b. Thomson,	5
J. J. Smith, b. Allison,	0
G. Brunel, b. Duffus,	9
W. J. Wilson, not out,	38
L. Coste, c. Bligh, b. Allison,	20
E. J. Smith, c. Bligh, b. Allison,	0
C. L. Lawrence, c. Harris, b. Allison,	2
P. B. Taylor, b. Duffus,	5
J. P. Nutting, c. Kaiser, b. Henry,	5
Extras,	12
Total,	118

Second Innings.

B. H. Steele, run out,	0
J. J. Smith, c. Harris, b. Thomson,	8
B. T. A. Bell, c. Brookfield, b. Fuller,	18
G. Brunel, c. Bligh, b. Duffus,	15
W. J. Wilson, c. Bligh, b. Fuller,	0
A. C. Smith, c. Oxley, b. Duffus,	4
C. L. Lawrence, b. Duffus,	0
J. P. Nutting, b. Duffus,	2
E. J. Smith, c. and b. Fuller,	1
P. B. Taylor, not out,	10
L. Coste, c. Henry, b. Fuller,	1
Extras,	5
Total,	64

WANDERERS.

F. A. Kaizer, b. Wilson,.....	19	W. G. Brookfield, run out,.....	18
E. Allison, c. Taylor, b. Coste,	31	F. P. Bligh, not out,.....	1
J. Harris, c. Wilson, b. Smith,.....	4	W. Thomson, c. Coste, b. Bell,.....	0
W. Neal, Jr., c. Bell, b. Coste,	0	L. J. Fuller, run out,.....	1
W. A. Duffus, c. Nutting, b. Coste,.....	2	Extras,	19
W. A. Henry, Jr., c. Bell, b. Brunel,.....	92		
H. Oxley, c. Steel, b. Bell,.....	53	Total,.....	230

Beating Ottawa by one innings and 48 runs.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Ottawa—2nd Innings.

	M.	W.	R.	O.
Duffus,.....	12	4	30	28
Fuller,	8	4	14	16
Thomson,.....	3	1	15	11

And so the Wanderers won the match and are supremely happy, and, to return to the songs of Harrow once again, and without taking much of a liberty with Mr. Bowen's verse, we may sing :

"And ever when Wanderers toil in vain,
And Wanderers' hopes are low,
May patience come to the rescue then,
And pluck with the patience go;
And in all, and more than all, our play,
Somebody do as we did to-day."

Our holiday is over and has passed to its place among the things that were.



The following open letter to some hotel keepers, known to the writer, was written for and read to the members of the Maritime Provinces Commercial Travellers Association some years ago. Members of the Association report great improvements in hotel accommodation since the period of which this sketch treats.

THE COMMERCIAL PILGRIM.

DEDICATED TO SOME HOTEL KEEPER'S IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

I AM a traveller. I do not travel for pleasure. If in pursuit of pleasure no sane man would peregrinate through the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, relying upon wayside inns for the shelter and comfort so much prized, so greatly missed by the weary, hungry tourist—commercial or otherwise—who has a home.

It is not my intention, in telling tales of the wayside inns of the Maritime Provinces, to attempt any defence of commercial travellers, their habits and customs, manner and behaviour. The "bagman" of the period may be all that indignant landlords and affronted landladies picture him. But 'tis the duty of the host to be blind to the peculiarities of his guest. Therefore, the lordly host of the "Crown and Sceptre," and the saucy mistress of "The Golden Goose," have no right to remark upon the fastidious appetite and peculiar temperament of the gentleman in No. 15. The occupant of the room in question is not only the guest of the house; he also pays for polite attendance and hospitality. Does not the bill rendered to No. 15 distinctly state the charges for bed, board, and attendance? This bill, when receipted, is the evidence of a commercial transaction between guest and host, and the former is fairly entitled to the privilege of insisting upon the latter's fulfilment of his part of the contract in the feeding and bedding of the guest that fate, circumstance, or the decrees of what we term business, have made a traveller of.

No sensible Boniface will then deny me the sweet satisfaction of penning my opinions upon those of his brethren who fail in their duty towards one who is ever and always on the wing, dependant upon the village inn for food and home comforts, and who is thus qualified by actual experience to criticise the bill of fare, and to praise or condemn the housekeeping in his temporary home. I do not wish to reduce the relationship existing between the hotel guest and his landlord to the dead level of a bargain for

food and lodging at a given sum. Such an arrangement might disturb many a friendship existing between this wanderer and his roadside friends of the "Golden Fleece," and the "Goose and Gridiron." I love, when quartered 'neath their hospitable roof, to feel myself a real guest, to be able to listen and laugh at droll stories of guests who exhibit the humorous side of drunkenness; to be able to smoke at the same fireside, and narrate tales of distant cities; to feel privileged to commiserate with my comely hostess in her household cares and anxieties; and to know that if I am forced to complain of the incivility of the "boots," or the sauciness of his sweetheart, the chambermaid, that they will be reproved, and myself not condemned for pointing out to my host a weakness in his staff of servants, and a something that seriously interferes with the comfort of his guest.

In my musings by the firesides of wayside inns I have never yet found any excuse for the landlord who lures the traveller to his house by advertisements rivalling the posters of the circus proprietor, the interior of whose tents never contain one half of the attractions represented in rainbow hued placards on the outside of the canvas. Compared with the deceptive descriptions of some country houses of entertainment for man and beast, and the bills of fare of many city hotels, there is a very refreshing simplicity in the rough exactness of the sign displayed over the doorway of a far western tavern:

Dinner,	\$0 50
A Square Meal,	75
A Regular Bust,	1 00

Our friend of the west does not lure travellers into his house by any such artifices as those adopted by the landlord of the web in that pleasing parable of the spider and the fly. The owner of the swinging signboard referred to does not claim for his house that it is the best and most comfortable in that section of the country, with good stabling, first-class sample rooms, and (as an extra inducement) splendid trout-fishing in the immediate neighborhood. No. He merely states that there are gradations in the cost and variety of the dishes laid before the simple voracity of the devourer of the plain 50 cent dinner and the epicurean taste of the gentleman who asks for a "more brilliant repast" at a cost of \$1. Such candor is refreshing in these modern times. I am not an epicure. I do not object to plain and simple fare. I would not protest against being filled with food and charged for same according to the change in my bodily weight before and after dinner. Such a plan of payment would save me many

a dollar when my appetite has been swept away by the surroundings of the dinner set before me.

We have all heard the result of the first introduction of the weighing system into a western eating house. A gaunt grim stranger planked his form down on the scales at the dining room door and turned the beam at 165 pounds. He then took a 25 pound weight from his hat and placing the load in his pocket sat down to dinner. At the close of the entertainment he left the weight under the table, and on emerging from the room the scales shewed the landlord in his guest's debt to the tune of \$3.75 for loss in weight.

And now let me enumerate a few of the grievances nursed by professional travellers against the so-called *hotel* of the Lower Provinces. It may be that many readers of this record of undeserved suffering and discomfort experienced "on the road" will say that I grossly exaggerate the evils and conceal the redeeming features. Such a sceptic cannot do better than take a winter trip through the Provinces. If he survive or should return a confirmed invalid, a sufferer from rheumatism contracted between damp sheets, or a martyr to dyspepsia resultant from struggles with half-cooked meats and curious compounds of indigestible messes stuffed into pie crusts of the toughness of ship biscuits, he will readily endorse my statements. If my friend the sceptic aforesaid arrives home in good health he may safely consider his constitution more horse-like than human. Or, if he denies that there is truth in my story, then he must have found resting places such as the Commercial Travellers' Association are in quest of, and he ought, in the cause of humanity, to publish the sign boards of the unknown inns.

Mr. Pilgrim, representing the well-known house of Sharp & Pushem, arrives at the depot of the little town of Sleepyville at 10 p. m. He is landed with all the impedimenta of a commercial traveller on the uncovered platform of the station, and long after the whistle of the train has died in distance he stands in the drizzling rain waiting for help from the *hotel*, the lights of which are observable from where poor Pilgrim is thinking over all the naughty words he learned when a boy. It would be easy for the landlord of the Sleepyville hotel to attend the train in person or to send the inevitable half-witted boy who is just strong enough to raise a trunk to the wheel of his team from whence the same is then permitted to fall within an inch of Mr. Pilgrim's corns. But punctuality is an unknown virtue in Sleepyville. So our long suffering tourist who

has been journeying from the last town on the car seat next to a red-hot stove is left on the platform of the station just long enough to lay the seeds of consumption and is then landed at the hotel wet, cold, and hungry. The one public sitting room is not reserved for the use of travellers. All the available chairs around the beehive stove—the heating capacity of which is being extolled by the landlord to a circle of worshipping yokels, whose smoking stocking'd feet surround and hide the stove rail like huge poultices—are occupied.

Mr. Pilgrim casts a wistful eye at the fire, and then strolls to the hotel register. The landlord's opinion of his new stove is reserved, and the eyes and mouths of his auditors scrutinize the new arrival, who is making a painful effort to write his name in such a way with half a pen as to prevent succeeding travellers from remarking, as they look at their rival's specimen of penmanship, "drunk again."

What tends more than aught else to make the modern commercial traveller bold and outspoken in his rough condemnation of some of the landlords of our hotels is the apparent unwillingness of the host to lay aside his pipe and minister to the wants of his newly arrived guest. But Mr. Pilgrim was new to the road, and was withal of a modest, retiring disposition. So, when the proprietor of the Sleepyville hotel, with an interrogatory closing of one eye, jerks out the question, "Had tea?" Mr. Pilgrim, in his astonishment, forgot his hunger in staring at the fire, and stammered out, "yes, thanks," and then timidly asked to be shown to a room. The bed bore evidence of having contained other occupants than the newcomer, and the twelve-by-six towel had to be used as a filter through which to strain the contents of the water-jug, which was lined with a deposit of dust, hair, and embryo tadpoles. The obtaining of a fresh towel cost Mr. Pilgrim his first exchange of pleasantries with a pert and proportionately provoking and dirty maid-of-all-work, who retired from the contest with the now angry traveller, with her nose taking a devotional turn as she made scornful remarks upon "drummers" who put on airs.

'Tis needless to say that poor Pilgrim retired to rest, cold, hungry, and miserable. But, like all travellers with quiet consciences, he slept.

The next morning Mr. Pilgrim made his appearance in the banquetting hall. What little appetite he brought to the table was at once dissipated by the survey made of the surroundings during that long interval which always follows the first arrival and the second advent of the waitress. The tablecloth had been, *once upon a time*, as they say in story books, white. It

was now frescoed with maps of the Provinces, outlined in Worcestershire and vinegar, colored in spilt gravy, shaded with mustard and contributions from the cruets-stand. At the extreme end of the festive board stood a ham fantastically studded with what Mr. Pilgrim took to be cloves or almonds, but which, on closer investigation, proved to be last summer's flies as they rose in a swarm at his approach and carried away the last vestige of Pilgrim's appetite. There was no scarcity of bread. It would seem that the whole strength of the culinary department, when looking for a job, were insanely fond of cutting bread into slices of varying thickness, rendered by time of unvarying staleness. The red table napkin, which obtruded itself from a glass placed in front of Mr. Pilgrim, contained, when opened, some discarded morsels of the last traveller's dinner, and he replaced the rag as the breakfast ordered — two eggs of uncertain age, but no uncertain aroma — was thrust in front of him by his antagonist in the towel warfare of the previous night. As Mr. Pilgrim nibbled disconsolately at some toast, and sipped the soapy coffee which he feared to stir for fear of what its muddy depths might reveal, a fresh-faced, hearty looking countryman swung himself into the seat opposite that occupied by our suffering friend. He delivered an order for beefsteak in a boisterous way; he stretched his legs and planted his big boots upon the slippered feet of the poor commercial traveller. He hacked at and ate the meat with audible enjoyment, and when he wanted butter he helped himself with the knife that had just been plunged halfway down his throat. Mr. Pilgrim almost forgot his misery in the astonishment he felt at the easy way in which his neighbor performed tricks once peculiar to professional sword-swallowers.

As Mr. Pilgrim left the dining room and filled with Sarre's smoking mixture the bowl of a well-beloved pipe, he felt more at peace with Sleepyville and the world at large. Surely, thought he, my fastidiousness maketh me too observant, and he joined the circle round the beehive stove and planted his slippers on the rail among the boots of the early morning hotel loafers. But when a near neighbour, on removing his pipe from his mouth, missed the stove and converted Mr. Pilgrim's slipper into an "expecto-room," that oppressed gentleman rose and murmured: "This grows monotonous," and went up to his *bedroom* to open up the samples of Messrs. Sharp & Pushem's wares. The want of a clean, airy, well-lighted sample room was not conducive to business, and the merchants of Sleepyville very justly complained that the goods looked dull in colour, and made orders light in consequence.

And in the evening, as Mr. Pilgrim shook the dust of Sleepyville from his feet, and from the car window looked at the receding town, he mentally cursed that landlord, his house and his maid, his bed and his board, and all that is his.

But when, at three out of every five hotels Mr. Pilgrim patronized, he met with the same fate, and endured the same privations and hardships, he ceased to grumble, and learned to revel in misery. He even found himself making light of sufferings which once made life itself a burden, and, when chatting and smoking with other travellers, delighted in comparing notes with them upon the amount of trouble, misery, and inconvenience it was possible to cram into a two days sojourn at Sleepyville.

But this reconciliation with his lot was followed by a change in Mr. Pilgrim's habits, manners, and appearance. He ceased to be the spruce, well-dressed polite representative of an old and respectable firm,* and was often found careering over the road assigned to him in frantic haste, roughly dressed, half washed, and half fed. And many of the merchants, who judge of a mercantile house by its representative, began to hint that Messrs. Sharp & Pushem must be dropping behind in their line of goods. That fellow Pilgrim doesn't look so neat and gentlemanly as he did when first on the road. And so they try new firms, and patronize Frank Freshman, representing Messrs. Newcome & Co.

Landlords of country hotels may rave over this highly colored picture of Mr. Pilgrim's experience, but no one will deny that the surroundings of a commercial traveller's daily life on the road are demoralizing in the extreme, and I claim that his degeneracy is resultant from the neglect of Mr. Boniface to keep his guests clean and well fed.

Where are the baths, stationary or movable, without which no hotel can claim a travelling Christian as an inmate? Why is the traveller regarded as a lunatic who asks for enough water to wash his tired *body* in? Where are the sweet smelling beds and snowy table linen peculiar to some country inns, whose proprietors cannot boast of one-fourth of the income netted by some lazy landlords of Provincial taverns? Where are the clean, well-lighted sample rooms required to display the wares of the commercial traveller to the best advantage? And where is the landlord who will emulate the good and sensible example of the hosts

*Merchants cannot overestimate the value of their travellers' services. Country merchants deal with the man they meet, and generally buy of him, regardless of the house he represents.

of English commercial hotels who set aside the cosiest parlor and the choicest bedrooms for the gentlemen of the road, whose periodical visits to "The Golden Lion" prove more lucrative as a certain income to its owner than all the chance travellers journeying that way?

Would similar comforts be lost upon Canadian travellers? I trow not. The stout, active, and good-looking young bagman from Montreal or Halifax has just as keen a relish for a good dinner and a comfortable bed as his English prototype, and those wealthy employers who reap the produce of Mr. Pilgrim's labor in due season have not the appreciation and enjoyment of life which is given to the man who is ever in pursuit of that which the world calls business.

I have written down naught in malice. Nay, I am ready to admit that the Commercial Travellers' Association may find their self-appointed task an easy one. For I have pleasant memories of comfortable hotels where even sickness was endurable; where the kindly faces and soft hands of my hostesses have tended to my recovery in a greater measure than strange doctors; where a genial host has made the days of enforced idleness pass like a pleasant holiday. Let such hotels be patronized.

But I repeat that in journeying through the Maritime Provinces, I do not travel from choice or for pleasure—at present.

There is a landlady of mine who will (if she does not burst a blood vessel during the perusal of this complaint) address me thus when next we meet: "Well, what do you fine gentlemen of the road want?" As I am nearing my end and cannot hope to see her again, let me briefly answer her now, and then fall a martyr in the cause of the travelling public. The pioneers of trade and commerce who seek by road, rail, and river to form a connecting link between the centres of supply and manufacture and the regions of demand, want—

Food—Well-cooked and well served;

Bedrooms—The windows of which will open and when open remain so, without the support of the leather-covered bible presented to the proprietor of the house by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel;

Beds—Clean, comfortable, and well aired;

Sample Rooms—Light, airy, and far removed from the cow shed, etc.

I have finished. I die happy.

Mr. Hawke, a Moncton journalist, was confined in jail at Fredericton for saying harsh things of a New-Brunswick Judge.

THE JUDGE AND THE JOURNALIST.

"Another insult and a light one." — POOH-BAH.

DEAR MR. HAWKE:

YEARS ago my hobby was the writing of anonymous letters to newspapers. When no one thought fit to answer said letters, the replies were penned by myself, and I can recall even now the pleasure afforded me by perusing in one issue of the newspaper a crushing epistle (written by myself) in response to what I considered an equally effective article (also written by myself) in some earlier edition of the same sheet.

Time cured me of my weakness, and it required your appearance before the Judges at Fredericton to show me what, if I had persevered in writing in the language of truth, might have befallen *me*.

I retired from the newspaper world because some dear friend termed me a journalistic nuisance. I never supposed that people cared anything about the authorship of any article, except in so far as it appeared in a particular paper. Beyond the name of the paper at the head of the column, ordinary readers care not a penny who cracks a joke in it or invokes high heaven in eloquent indignation to fall upon the country's foes and crush them. Life is too short for the ordinary citizen to be compelled to recognize that this high-toned journalist wrote the leader on "The Sin and the Sinner," and that this elegant dilettante in letters produced the sweet article on "The Influence of Kisses in Domestic Life," or the mournful one headed "Is Activity in any Pursuit Commendable?"

All that the constant reader cares about is to know that the news in his favorite journal is fairly abreast of the times, and that the editorials keep about even with his own opinions. Beyond this he cares not who writes or does not write for the paper, and will not thank anybody for the information.*

But it is different in your case. It became essential that the writer of the article on "*A Judicial Booh-Bah*" should be known, and, like Editor

* I have to admit that these ideas of a well-known journalist, redressed by me, are exploded when the *constant reader* is attacked in print and desires to know the name of the writer, etc., etc.

Stead, you have obtained fame at one bound. How we poor scribes envy you the late opportunity of appearing at Fredericton, to answer a charge of contempt of court; to be free to quote from the "Mikado" and similar operas; to be permitted to trill a few bars of Sullivan's pretty music; to indulge in analysis of Gilbertian humor; and to exchange ideas with the judges of the Supreme Court, as to the witticisms and quaint conceits hidden in popular opera.

This is a funny world, dear Mr. Hawke. It was my lot early in life to know Lincoln's Inn, and there to imbibe a fondness for the Bench and Bar. I have since been the companion of lawyers when at work and during play-hours, and my admiration for the profession they belong to has increased. How, then, came you to publish such sad, sad things about one of them?

What is the purport of my letter? Well, I want to tell you that as an embryo journalist I am with you hand and glove in defence of the liberty of the press. But, as a one time student-at-law, I have to hope the judges will, in the language with which you appear to be so familiar,

"Make your punishment fit the crime."

So I also can claim to be a Pooh-Bah.

Why were you so harsh and brutal in your attack upon Mr. Justice Fraser? To stigmatize him as a judicial Pooh-Bah was not enough to provoke the *eloquent outpouring* of his wrath. I like originality in people, but yours was accompanied by objectionable character. Like Bret Harte's vulgar little boy calling after the driver of a passing vehicle, you might have indulged in a single sentence of invective, as he did. It conveyed in a very few words 'a reflection on the legitimacy of the driver's birth; it hinted a suspicion of his father's integrity, and impugned the fair fame of his mother; it suggested incompetency in his present position, personal uncleanness, and evinced a sceptical doubt of his future salvation.'

But you, Mr. Hawke, did not in a moment of anger fire such a sentence at Mr. Justice Fraser. You sat down in what we are pleased to call the editorial chair, and deliberately dubbed your enemy "A Judicial Pooh-Bah," and deftly insinuated, in a Gilbertian way, by a line from "Trial by Jury," that

"He is a judge, and a good judge, too,"

of what is found at other bars than, etc., etc.

Now, Mr. Blair contends there was license in some of these expressions (high license, I presume), and that they were calculated to bring the administration of justice into ridicule. You say that these objectionable terms were mixed up with reasonable discussion and argument, and were written according to the best of your ability. Pshaw! Do you suppose that pens can be used freely when those high in office are the objects of attack? Do you recall Judge Palmer, a good and upright man, reminding you during your recent trial of the hanging of newspaper men at Chicago. You ventured to say: "*They were not hanged because they were newspaper men, your honor.*" But the good judge was right in referring to such instances of depravity among journalists. *We* cannot reform the state of society. Please do not attack the judges of our land in your future articles upon morality in high places. However, there is a humorous side to even the sad and pathetic incidents in life, and what I am aiming at in this rambling letter is to stimulate you into seeing the funny situations possible of creation should you again appear at Fredericton before the judges. I regret to say that the pleasure derived from your gallant fight is smothered by the feeling of amusement aroused by the grotesque behavior of the judges in discussing the character of Pooh-Bah. Why not have summoned the writer of the "Mikado" libretto to give evidence as to the meaning of Pooh-Bah's long sleeves, and his monopoly of many offices, etc., etc.?

Or, knowing that even New Brunswick judges are not morally spotless and without blemish, why should said judges refrain from the enjoyment of the complication caused by your uttering a reprobation of the action of one of their number.

Let me feebly outline a course that would have enlivened the recent proceedings, whereas serious discussion of your behaviour calmed the gay amidst their mirth, and gave the wretched a delight in tears.

The judges might have entered court to the "Mikado" chorus of

"Behold the lord high executioners—
Personages of noble rank and title,
Dignified and potent officers,
Whose functions are particularly vital:
Defer, defer to the lord high executioners."

Then you could warble in a plaintive baritone:

"Taken to a county jail,
By a set of curious chances,
Liberated then on bail,
On my own recognizances."

And then, what laughter, if Mr. Justice Palmer had rattled off in light and airy playfulness the patter song :

"As some day it may happen
That a victim must be found
We've got a little list," etc.

And you could pipe up for an encore verse :

"There's the nisi prius nuisance, who just now is rather rife,
The judicial humorist,
I've got him on the list
I'm sure he'd not be missed."

And as the fun grew fast and furious a quartette of Fredericton journalists could have filled the court room with

"So please you, sir, we much regret
If we have failed in etiquette
Toward a man of rank so high;
We shall know better bye-and-bye;
That you at us should have a fling,
Is hard on us, so pardon us."

And then Mr. Blair could have thrown in his voice to the joyous and gay duet with one of the judges :

"The flowers that bloom in the spring, my lords,
Have nothing to do with this case."

And what was to prevent Chief Justice Allen, Justices King, Tuck, Wetmore, *et al*, joining hands to

"Sing a merry madrigal.
Fal-la-la-la, Fal-la-la-la."

Please let me suggest to you, my dear Hawke, the foregoing way of enlivening future proceedings at Fredericton.

I have no desire to see you a prisoner pent, unwillingly represent a source of innocent merriment—of innocent merriment.

But really, judges and journalists present at the recent tournament did not display that familiarity with the "Mikado" of Gilbert and Sullivan that would warrant the most ordinary opera goer in accepting their estimate of the life and character of Pooh-Bah; and it will be a subject for regret if at the next performance at Fredericton there is any evidence of failure on the part of all parties concerned to realize that Pooh-Bah is not an opprobrious epithet, and, like Boston, is not what it was, is not what it was.

And now, my dear Hawke, let me quote from a greater than Gilbert:

"Robes and fur gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it."

LUMBERING IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

A DAY WITH THE STREAM-DRIVERS.

I love the forest ; I could dwell among
That silent people, till my thoughts up grew
In nobly ordered form, as to my view
Rose the succession of that lofty throng.

— *Milnes.*

THERE was a pleasant smell of wood-smoke in the morning air as I started yesterday to spend my weekly holiday with the lumbermen on the Meduxnakeag, one of the rapid streams emptying into the St. John river. The heavens looked dull, grey, and threatening. But behind a span of horses in company with so entertaining a driver as Ludlow Hawkins, I soon ceased to look aloft for signs of the weather, and thought only of my host's (Mr. Moore, of Canterbury) pleasing invitation to visit one of his lumber camps and "see the logs going over Briggs' falls."

And so, as we left the town of Woodstock behind us, and I noticed the rushing waters of the river knowing no liquid rest, no silent slumber, as, swollen by fast melting snow and ice, its torrent carried the logs on their course to the mills, I recalled the above lines of Milnes' on the trees of the forest, and wondered what the same gifted writer would find to say of these "silent people" when, stripped and shorn of their glory of limb and foliage, they are being stream-driven to the nearest saw-mill.

However, the purpose of this paper is not a moralizing homily on woodland scenery. I merely write to give to those who know nothing of lumbering and lumbermen an outline sketch of stream-driving as seen by me on the Meduxnakeag.

Speaking of lumbermen and their lives of exposure and hardship, let me mention one incident of our trip to Briggs' Falls as an illustration. Just as our team was leaving town, a messenger handed to the driver a telegram. It was dated Missoula, Montana, and read :

"John is dead of pneumonia. Break gently to wife."

The telegram and a few words of explanation told the old, old story of provincial life among our lumbermen, miners, and fishermen. John, like others, had left wife and children to seek fortune in the golden republic, and died away from home. Not much to chronicle here. A common incident to the world at large. But a life's sorrow to the one to whom my friend, Fred. Moore, is to "break the news gently."

I listen to the story of John's departure to the west and his earlier career as we journey along the road, and after two hours driving we reach the lumber camp at Belleville. And now let me try to describe the interior of the camp. The low wooden building to which I am conducted by young Moore, chief of the gang of stream-drivers, whose acquaintanceship I am shortly to make, is the cabin of negro song and story. But, upon looking around, the interior bears noticeable resemblance to the 'tween decks in the steerage of an emigrant ship. For one side of the shanty is shelved, to the depth of some six feet, in such a way as to enable every man (these shelves being sleeping berths) to recline with his head to the wall. This is economizing space with a vengeance. The sleepers, when spooned out on these shelves, lie so close that in this cabin (the dimensions of which are not more than 20 x 20 feet) some forty men find room for what must be health-giving sleep — if one can judge by appearances. Here come the men! Let us look at them closely and see if we can discover any outward and visible signs of sickness, the outcome of their close confinement at night time.

But first let me surprise you by saying that the space reserved for sleeping quarters for the stream drivers is evidently laid out with a view to leaving stove room and accommodation for the cook. The kitchen utensils are not numerous. A large cauldron for the reception of pork and beans; a few pots of lesser size for potato boiling and tea brewing; a stack of tin plates and mugs; some pans for bread making; a jar of molasses, and a couple of flour barrels to support the kitchen table upon which the cook is engaged in rolling some good looking paste for what I fondly hoped was pie crust. Such were all the signs of preparation for feeding a small army of strong and healthy men. And yet everything during my stay seemed to show that the cook had no great difficulty in keeping everyone well fed and free from aches and ills. The cook is a quiet fellow with a somewhat melancholy face and a look as if regretting that he lacked an opportunity to show his skill in the culinary art. But I am ready to back his battery (Plague take these catching terms of the

base ball season!) in the preparation of pork and beans, *a la* Belleville, against a similar dish from any lumber camp on any stream in any other part of the world.

And now for the men. They form a picturesque group as they come tumbling into camp, and in a mechanical way squat along the bench that lines the foot of the bed—that big shelf upon which all of them are laid away at night to sleep.

Look at this burly, dark-skinned chap, whose big frame is silhouetted in the doorway against the background of grey sky. Some one calls him "Gabe," and, as he lounges to the beanpot and taking the crook-handled spoon dips out about a pound of the savoury mess on to a tin plate, I discover that "Gabe" is a Milicete Indian, and it would please Fenimore Cooper to know that this modern Uncas is a "jam-cracker," a "white water man."

A serviceable lot are Moore's lumbermen. It may be that, when the logs are running well, an onlooker might think that my friends are to be envied as they lounge about in sheer idleness on the rising ground overlooking Briggs' Falls. But let some unforeseen danger arise. Let a jam occur in the wildest of the swirling mass of logs and water above or below the falls, and these same men now bearing close resemblance, save that they are unarmed, to a band of outlaws, the *Jacquerie* of one of James's novels, will spring into dauntless activity. And God knows it is no great living that they get out of the deadly risks they sometimes run, and the lives of exposure they are compelled to lead.

For this and for the recollection of what their work brings to us we ought to hold the lumbermen of our Province in our love and honor, and, to use Dickens' remark about sailors (for lumbermen are of the same order, and show some of the characteristics of their brethren afloat), "be tender of the fame they well deserve."

And even now I have not given you any description of stream driving. 'Tis that branch of lumbering operations which comprises the launching and floating of the trees felled by the axemen, stripped of branches and knots, and then hauled to the water's edge during the winter months.

The camp of stream drivers visited by me contained some forty men, the advance guard of a small army at work on branches of the same stream.

For the better understanding of the work of stream drivers, try to imagine a river swollen by spring rains and melting snow and ice into a rushing torrent of water sweeping in ever-widening channels to the main

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river—the St. John, Miramichi, or Ottawa of the district—and at certain points falling perhaps forty to fifty feet through gorges, and over rocky precipices.*

Imagine this bank lined on either side with the limb-shorn trunks of gigantic trees of spruce, pine, and cedar. Then, to the head waters of this stream, the lumber operator sends his army of "drivers."

The advance guard, such as my friends of the camp at Belleville, are selected for their activity, daring, and knowledge of the ways of logs when on their voyage down the rivers.

Should the logs be *jammed* in some dangerous bend or rocky gorge by hanging on a ledge or sand bar and then spreading in apparently inextricable entanglement from shore to shore, 'tis the duty of such men as my hardy friends of Belleville Camp to merit their title of "jam crackers" or "white-water men" by boarding the field of logs through and around which the water is swirling and tossing in foaming anger at the stoppage of its freedom and its race to the sea. And then they "crack the jam" with long spiked poles, to do which they leap from log to log seeking the key to the jam, or else, with tackle and horses to assist them from the shore, patiently work at the lumber until the logs are seen to move, and the floating forest is once again free to swirl and toss and turn on its way to the booms below. Dangerous work is that of the stream driver. The sudden removal of one log, an instant of hesitation, a moment of carelessness in leaping for the shore, may sweep some unfortunate one under the logs and away with the rushing stream to his last encampment. * * *

As I sought the highest knoll to watch the logs go over the falls, I noticed another sign of the system and mechanism of stream driving. A flag is lying on the ground, and, in answer to my inquiry, Miles, my beau ideal of a young lumberman, informs me that the bit of red bunting on the pole is hoisted (when the jam-crackers see signs of a jam) as a signal to those up stream to build a boom and stop the run of logs.

And now, before my day with New Brunswick lumbermen comes to an end, let us watch for a few minutes the logs going over Briggs' Falls. The falls are not high, but they are made picturesque and wild looking by the rapids above and the rocks and dark and dangerous pools below. Here down the rapids approaching the falls comes a fallen king of the

* In company with Messrs. Fred. Moore and H. A. Connell, I have since visited Grand Falls, N. B., during the stream-driving season. An account of our journey will appear in "Colonial Notes in English Ink," illustrated, to be published next year, if possible.

forest, one of Milnes' "silent people"—the bare trunk of a big spruce tree full thirty-five feet long. It is now tossing thro' the rough waters like a chip, or a toothpick. Just where the dark stream falls over the rock into a seething cauldron of spray and foam thirty feet below, the water is smooth and oily. Into this our log rides, shoots forward, and, as it plunges downward, the butt end tosses upward like the last sight of a sea trout's tail when the stricken fish is disappearing after a leap of mortal agony. And, now, look below. Our log has gone over the falls in company with half a dozen others of smaller dimensions, and, above the ceaseless roar of the falls, one can detect the thumping and grinding of the logs as they are whirled thro' the broken water and over the rocks below. Here, twenty feet from where our spruce tree took its plunge downward, it rises again from the water *literally on end*, and, with twenty feet of its length pointing heavenward clear of the water, recalls for a moment its glory as a monarch of the forest. And then—it falls, and is lost among the other logs, Moore's mark of ownership gleaming in a ray of light that strikes its butt as it once again becomes a stream driven chip—a mere spruce log—one of Milnes' "silent people" shorn of glory.



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CAPE BRETON LAKES.

AS SEEN FROM THE COCKPIT OF A CANOE.

IN what some writers are pleased to call the mellow month of August 1885, I saw Cape Breton from the cockpit of the *Nettie*. The *Nettie* is a Rob Roy canoe fourteen feet in length, beam in proportion, fast under paddle, and as safe and sea-worthy as a ship's lifeboat. Her crew on a recent voyage from Sydney, Cape Breton, to the Barra Straits, consisted of the writer, who is five feet eight inches long, beam in proportion, a veteran paddler, a lover of the sea and all connected with it.

The cruise of the *Nettie* was not sufficiently eventful to excuse her crew for publishing these notes from the little ship's log. But as she was the first craft of her class to weather Point Aconi; to brave the run from thence to Cape Dauphin; to attempt the passage of the six knot tide that surges through the Big Bras d'Or, and to make the trip from Baddeck to Barra, eleven and a half miles, in two hours and five minutes; enthusiastic members of the American Canoe Association looking for fresh waters and billows new into which to dip their double-bladed propellers may pardon me for publishing my *log*, and it is for them that I now drop the paddle and take up the pen.

I was a voyager in August last from Port Mulgrave, N. S., to Sydney, C. B., by the steamer *Marion*, Captain Burchell. As we steamed through the then calm waters of the winding channels that open into St. Peter's Bay, I occupied, by special permission of the skipper, the lofty wheelhouse, and from thence looked out upon the wood-fringed shores and the ever-changing lights and shadows of scenery which a legion of tourists and an army of writers have raved about. If these travelling scribes saw the Bras d'Or Lakes and surroundings under such favorable conditions as I did from my quiet retreat in the *Marion's* wheelhouse, with naught to disturb my silent enjoyment of the scene save the skipper's voice, as with finger on the chart (we had been talking canoeing) he pointed out some small bay in the calm depths of which was reflected faithfully not only every object on its shores, but even the varying tints of the trees—then it is not surprising that they have failed to convey to the senses any impression of the

lakes as they are when the light summer air disturbs their surface at mid-day, and causes the tiny sun-kissed waves to splash against one's canoe in drowsy murmurings, or when the last faint puff of the evening breeze passes away and leaves the water so motionless that it seems like sacrilege to dip a paddle therein.

Before the *Marion* reached Sydney, the cruise of the *Nettie* was planned, and I had held as much talk with her owner, Captain Burchell, upon the ways and means, as if the contemplated voyage was that of an ocean steamship freighted with wealth of the Indies. Now read my Log Book!

AUGUST 4TH—The *Nettie* was launched and provisioned, and with a kindly shout of caution and encouragement from her owner, I started before a fair southerly breeze for Sydney Bar, six miles distant.

A mile from North Sydney, a schooner-rigged boat, containing two officials of the Bank of Nova Scotia, sailed across my bows and hailed me. I informed them of my destination, and intention to pass Sunday in North Sydney. They point out a landing place and sail for the same to assist me in securing quarters. As I near the shore I become sensible of much noise, and notice a crowd of people awaiting the *Nettie's* arrival. Fearful for the safety of the canoe, if handled by excited sight-seers, I paddle vigorously to another point, but the more active of the natives run along the shore, and, reaching the reef of rocks, my haven, await my approach. I am met with a storm of questions, and have to listen to the best efforts of the local humorists. The students of history among them call me Christopher Columbus; the more modern newspaper devourer is satisfied with saying: "It's Captain Webb from the Whirlpool Rapids."

Just as I am meditating flight from these good-natured savages, I am rescued by two good Samaritans, Messrs. Waters and Stavert, who deposit the *Nettie* in the Bank of which they are officials, and escort me to the hotel.

AUGUST 6TH.—At daybreak I am assisted by my good friend Stavert to launch the little ship. The sun is shining brightly, and the morning air is fast freshening into a strong breeze. But I am desirous of weathering Point Aconi before noon, so, about 5.30 a. m., I unwillingly part from Stavert, whose company would have trebled my enjoyment of the voyage, and paddle out into the harbor channel. Off Cranberry Head there is a broken, confused sea, and the *Nettie* must be quite invisible from the shore, now two miles distant. Taking the Captain's mark—the white

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house at Mope Head—for a guide, I decide to paddle across the bay known as Big Pond, from point to point. If any stout-hearted navigator, accustomed to walking the bridge of a thousand ton ship; if any hardy fisherman, used to holding the tiller of a strongly-built, half-decked whaler, entertains any doubt as to the sea-going qualities of a Rob Roy canoe, I would that he had seen the *Nettie* as she rode like a cork over the big waves tossed up by wind against tide off the mouth of Sydney Harbor.

About 7.30 I sighted the steamer *Marion* rounding Cranberry Head, and turned the prow of the *Nettie* more seaward, in order that Captain Burchell might be able to report me at Baddeck. Three whistles is the greeting from the *Marion* to her tiny sister. Cheered by the Captain's careful lookout, I resolved to land for breakfast.

It is a pity that earlier navigators of the Canoe Club have not sought the Cape Breton waters, if only to accustom the hardy dwellers of that coast to the sight of a Rob Roy. Making for a cottage that gleams white and inviting from the distant shore, I perceive, when nearing, some two women and a swarm of children in a state of great excitement awaiting me. They surround the *Nettie* and praise her build and small dimensions, and regard me with such open-mouthed wonderment that I begin to think myself worthy of veneration, till the older woman (the other is a genuine "*nut-brown mayde*," with soft eyes, red lips, and perfect teeth), murmurs: "Well, well; I thought it was the good man's boat drifting ashore with him clinging to it; ye must be daft to be going about in that." And then this hospitable woman bade she of the soft brown eyes and suggestive lips boil some water and prepare breakfast for the crew of the *Nettie*. * * *

How the eyebrows of dwellers in distant cities will be elevated when I tell them that the tourist in Cape Breton, who forsakes the beaten path of travel, who tramps through the small settlements, or skirts the coast in a canoe, will find little use for *money* as an equivalent for the necessities of life. I have tasted tea guiltless of sugar, but sweetened with true Scottish kindness; I have made a hearty meal of everything that the pantry of a Cape Breton cottage could produce, and have slept soundly in beds clean and wholesome. I have been fairly smothered with kindness and hospitality all the way from Sydney to Barra, of which charming nook I carry recollections strong enough to make me sigh for next summer. And yet, I found the currency of the country almost worthless as a means of shewing gratitude, and discovered that a few words of kindly courtesy are, in Cape Breton, better than specie payment. I have heard people say unkind

things of the Scotch, I have abused them for being *clannish*, and I have joined in the laughter created by some story of their proverbial thriftiness. But during the cruise of the *Nettie* I did *penance*—and am now vainly groping along the branches of the family tree to discover some sprig of Scottish ancestry.

Once more afloat, and paddling carefully in a short choppy sea for the mouth of the Little Bras d'Or. In the swirl of the strong tide I ship a sea which even the rubber-apron hatch cannot altogether resist, and my provisions are sadly damaged. Five minutes sponging frees the *Nettie* from water, and in another half hour the sun is over the fore-yard, and I find myself facing the heavy sea that washes through the split rocks of Point Aconi. For fifteen minutes there is a spice of danger in the *Nettie's* voyage, sufficient to keep the crew watchful of every wave, and, with shortened paddle, she rides the water and runs through a gulch, which, in mid-winter, must indeed be a terrible lee shore for a storm tossed ship. Safe under the grim cliffs that rise some seventy feet perpendicularly from the sea, I hear a faint shout above me, and, looking up, discover a face stretched out over the cliff. The owner points to a sheltered cove a short distance from my anchorage. Paddling thither, I find the brother of Archibald McLean has lowered himself by a rope to the shore, and is ready to welcome the crew of the only Rob Roy he has ever seen. Why do I mention Archibald McLean? Because he was the hero of the following story:

On a wild winter's morning a few years ago the brigantine *Alice*, of Arichat, was cast ashore on the rocks at Point Aconi. All hope for the lives of the crew had been abandoned. The sea at last lifted the deck from the vessel, and it was dashed from the outer ledges close under the beetling cliffs, upon the top of which is the weather-beaten cottage of this Cape Breton hero. The captain and his men, worn out with hours of exposure, were clinging to the wreckage and expecting death, when help came as if from the clouds. Archibald McLean (God bless him!) fastened a *killick* in the frozen ground above, and, attaching a rope thereto, lowered himself to the wave-swept deck of the brig. Half a dozen times he braved the sea that threatened to dash him lifeless against the cliff, and on each descent he saved a half-frozen sailor from certain death, and with the help of his family on the rocks above, raised them to the warmth and shelter of his humble cottage.

Hot tea and careful nursing finished the good work performed by McLean, and the captain and crew of the *Alice* lived to record in grateful

language this story of the Cape Breton coast. Was McLean rewarded? Yes! In Sydney, before an audience of those who love to hear of gallant deeds, a gold watch, presented by the Government, was handed to this hero.

In McLean's cottage the crew of the *Nettie* dined, and over a pipe listened to this story told by his brother, and as I read the inscription on the watch (McLean is now in the far West) the wreck of the *Alice* passed before my eyes, and I strolled over again to the scene of this incident in the lives of those who go down to the sea in ships. I tossed hay for an hour on McLean's farm, and then was lowered by a rope to the beach below, and paddling the *Nettie* with ease in the rolling sea that swept into the Big Bras d'Or, found myself, at five in the evening, off Table Rock.

Here disaster befell me. I was groping below among the ship's stores for a bottle of beer, and, carelessly omitting to sling my paddle, lost it overboard. Before I could emerge from the close quarters into which my stores had shifted, the paddle was fifteen feet away. The captain of the *Nettie* is of a nervous disposition, but, in the face of disaster and danger, proved cool. Without the paddle, it seemed probable that the *Nettie* and crew would have to drift helplessly about until help came, and perchance be carried out to sea before the morning. The Table Rock was a mile away. I carefully undressed, and, standing erect, jumped overboard, and, although the *Nettie* rocked, her splendid bearings proved equal to the strain. I reached the paddle and swam to the canoe. If there are any canoeists (none such should cruise alone far from land) who have not practised getting into their frail barks from the water, let me give them a few rules for guidance. To attempt to board a Rob Roy from the side is folly. Like a log, she will roll over, and add to your exhaustion. Swim cautiously to the end, and raise yourself gradually until you succeed in *straddling* the craft. Then work your way slowly to the centre, place your hands on the deck behind you, and with careful balance raise both legs and shoot yourself into the cockpit. If you fail, try again. It is less exhausting than fruitless efforts to scramble in at the side.

I regained the *Nettie* in safety, and with considerable difficulty wriggled into my clothes. Tempted by the now calm evening and quiet sea, and attracted by the grand appearance of distant Cape Dauphin towering up against a sky which, for beauty of color and rifted clouds tipped with tints of gold and purple (to describe which would necessitate literary larceny in the shape of a page from one of Black's novels), I resolved to add eight

miles more to the day's run, and seek a night's lodging at the base of the Cape. Half way across I pause in my paddling to refill a treasured pipe. This is indeed solitude. Not a ripple disturbs the stillness of the summer evening. Far abaft I can see the bold outline of Point Aconi, with the white cottage of Archibald McLean nestling among the shadows in the cliff crest. Miles away to the southwest I can trace my course for the morrow—the mouth of the Big Bras d'Or. Five miles ahead of me, towering upward *ten hundred and twenty feet*,* rises Cape Dauphin; whilst away seaward I can define the sail of a schooner enjoying the last puffs of the summer wind that has left the *Nettie* and her hermit-like crew becalmed an hour ago. A commotion in the water a quarter of a mile off tells of porpoise, and, not knowing what results a collision with one might have for a Rob Roy, I paddled on.

Voyagers to Cape Dauphin will find at the base thereof the cottages of people hospitable and kind to an overwhelming degree. The *Nettie* was carefully beached, and I found comfortable quarters in the house of a Mr. S.

Extract from the log of the R. R. canoe *Nettie*:

"Sailed from Sydney Bar, 5.30 a. m. Monday, 6th August.

• "Arrived at Cape Dauphin 7.55 p. m., do.

"Distance travelled, 23 miles. Spoken off Cranberry Head by the S. S. *Marion*. All well."

TUESDAY, Aug. 7th, at 6 a. m.—After a comfortable rest and hearty breakfast of fish and potatoes, I mustered the crew for deck swabbing, and the *Nettie* was thoroughly washed and re-provisioned with fresh milk and bread and butter before sailing. There is a brisk breeze blowing at 7 a. m., and I leave port, followed by the surprised eyes of my hosts. My hands are somewhat blistered by yesterday's exertions, and I paddle slowly, admiring the famous scenery of the now celebrated Bras d'Or.

About 10 o'clock I see and feel the tide which, in mid-stream of the fast narrowing lake, is rushing along in resistless fury, swirling and tossing the water in a way that suggests to the skipper of the *Nettie* the wisdom of continual watchfulness.

Duffus Point at last, and Fraser's Landing—to reach which I must now cross the tide against which the wind is striving to raise the troubled waters.

* My publishers' careful proof-reader marked with a query the height of this Cape above the sea level. But 'tis correct. V.

Far distant, up the long reach from Kelly's Cove, I can see the smoke of the returning *Marion*, and being anxious to exchange greetings with her skipper, I push my canoe tidewards. For a few moments I feel the sensation of positive peril, and then I have to laugh as, in spite of powerful sweeps with my paddle, the *Nettie* spins round and round like a wash-tub in the swirl of the Bras d'Or tide, and makes one realize the strength of its 6-knot current. At last, clear of the rush of the tide, I reach the back eddy, which makes canoeing on the Bras d'Or Lakes so pleasant and easy, as even against adverse tides the voyager can propel his light craft with considerable speed.

The fishermen assembled in force at Fraser's Landing, and the remarks of the Bouladeire Islanders are those of men who cannot understand how canoeing can be regarded as a pleasant pastime.

When informed that the 14-foot cockleshell alongside the wharf has rounded Point Aconi, and is *en route* from Sydney to Barra, they suggest that I am more likely to reach another port (in a very warm latitude) *not mentioned on the maps of Cape Breton*. But when I offer to paddle the *Nettie* across the tide against any one of the boats moored along the shore, and to take the result as a test of the speed and seaworthiness of the *Nettie*, they laughingly decline the challenge.

Mr. Fraser kindly shows me through his fishing establishment, and explains the method of curing and drying fish. He also regales me with a tumbler-full of the egg-nog made famous in the *Bad Boy's Diary*.

The *Marion* swings alongside the wharf. Her upper deck is crowded with tourists and commercial travellers enjoying the fresh mountain air, and viewing the rugged scenery. A pleasant smile and a few words about my course and the chart from the Captain, and the *Marion* is off to sustain her growing reputation for regularity in time and passage.

Once again the *Nettie* is wrestling with the tide of the Bras D'Or, watched by a crowd of astonished fishermen from Fraser's Landing. The spray sweeps over her from stem to stern, but she rides the waves like a cork, until a false stroke of the paddle submerges the low rail of my cock-pit, and, half swamped, I drift into Kelly's Cove, and turning my ship bottom up, sun my jacket for a couple of hours whilst talking with the chief trader of that settlement upon the field of coal which here, as all over the mineral-strewn island of Cape Breton, crops up for a mine which must some day prove a source of wealth to its owner.

The paddle through Seal Islands was pretty, but uneventful. As on the evening previous the breeze died away at sunset, and left the lake in a clock calm, with every rock, tree, and shrub reflected on its glassy surface.

Landing opposite Man o' War Point, I sought a small white cottage situated on a clearing at the foot of the Mountain. When chatting with the lord and master of this small estate I noticed the guid wife, unasked, preparing tea. Fresh bread and clotted cream proved palatable to the tired crew of the *Nettie*, and after my meal I sat in the gloaming and talked with my host, who, like many dwellers along the coast of Cape Breton, has relatives in the far west, and some manning the fishing fleet of Gloucester.

JULY 8TH—Speeding along on the back eddy of a strong tide, I kept close under the over-hanging cliffs of pure plaster, which literally forms the shore from Seal Island to Baddeck.

Four miles from Red Point I land for breakfast, and inspect the morning catch of fish just brought to shore by my entertainer.

The children are playing with the canoe, which is tossing idly on the sun-tinted waves at the end of a rudely-built wharf.

Surely the seekers after new grounds for camping and streams for canoeing must be brought to the Bras D'Or if some more gifted writer than the Captain of the *Nettie* will tell of its beauties.

This is the perfection of loafing. To lie idly in the sun with a panorama of exceeding loveliness stretched out before one, to hear the drowsy splash of the waves sounding like a lullaby; to think of nothing and to have nothing to think about; to let the steeds of the brain go browse at will; to lift the eyes from the fresh sparkling water, with its back-ground of red cliff, topped and streaked with the white plaster, to the lovely unflecked blue of the sky; to watch through the smoke-wreaths from my pipe the play of children who know nothing of the great world you live in and whose minds are as free and unfettered from daily care and business-anxiety as their sturdy brown legs and feet are guiltless of shoes and stockings.

These are sensations worth the living for, and even if they do not last, he who would not swallow the opiate is too much of the earth, earthy.

At last I am round Red Point, and the beauties of Baddeck, two miles distant, are spread out before me.

Scarcely am I out in the Bay ere the punctual *Marion* is churning up the placid waters astern of me. Her skipper whistles thrice and, knowing

the sea-riding qualities of my craft, scarcely veers from his course to pass me. Rising on the bow wave of the steamer as she towers up alongside, I gaze at the wheel-house, and exchange greetings with the skipper and some well-known friends leaning over the taffrail.

Dudley Warner will find few subjects more worthy of his pen than "Baddeck, and that sort of thing."

JULY 10TH — The last day of my cruise, and glorious weather. It is eleven miles by the chart to Barra, my destination. I had planned to cross St. Peter's Bay; to navigate the winding channels through Lennox Passage; to pass into the Canal, and ask the keepers to swing the Bridge and open the Loch gates for the smallest sea-going craft ever entered on the Canal register. But my vacation is over. So, ho for the Grand Narrows! There is a long-rolling sea with no crest to the waves when I round the headland opposite Baddeck, and I am bent on a quick run.

It was 4.05 p. m. when I bade the Baddeckers farewell. Twice I pause to drink and smoke, and gaze at the ever-changing scenery. Can this be Christmas Island?

Now the *Nettie* is crossing her final bit of tide-way. Five minutes later she shoots past the wharf at Barra, and I am welcomed by its Postmaster, to whose never-to-be-forgotten relation I bear letters of introduction.

6.10 p. m. — Eleven miles in two hours and five minutes. A fast run for a Rob Roy canoe.*

A pleasant finish to a pleasant cruise. I take tea with the Inspector of Lighthouses — poor Captain Brown — upon whom the shadow of a sailor's death was even then resting, and who perished in the breakers at the wreck of the ill-fated government steamer *Princess Louise*, at the entrance to Digby Gut.

Barra, the beautiful. Seen in the moonlight from the hill-top on such a night as this, I can well believe in the earnestness of those who have raved of the beauties of the Bras d'Or.

The next morning passes all too quickly. The *Marion* calls at noon, in response to my signal displayed from the head of Grand Narrows Wharf, and takes the Rob Roy and her crew back to headquarters.

Farewell, Barra! If the captain of the *Nettie* is able to wield a paddle in the golden summer time of future years, he will again wander over your

* Since the foregoing was written I have paddled with a companion from Andover to Woodstock during a freshet on the St. John River, fifty-one miles in seven hours.

picturesque beach, and revel in the fresh air which sweeps over thy waters and waves the grain and grass in meadow and pasture land.

How the steamer *Marion* bore the *Nettie* and crew to Port Mulgrave; how I regaled the steamer's captain with the story now told, and promised to publish this log of the voyage for the guidance of other canoeists; how a week later, strengthened and refreshed by the cruise, I carried the paddle of the *Nettie* to victory in a close race at an open regatta in my own canoe, *Wanderer*—does not belong to this meagre account of a voyage, the recollections of which will grow more perfect in tint and outline when my canoeing days are over, and many features of which to faithfully portray would require the skilful hand of an artist, the warm feeling of a poet.



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NOTE.

I do not claim the authorship of the following article, clipped from a *Broad Arrow* of some years ago. But the talk occasioned by its publication in the *Chronicle* of Halifax (where the host and guest referred to were both well and favorably known) led to an enquiry for the author. I, with many others, relished the article, and, recognizing cleverness in the writer, I put in a very modest disclaimer when charged with being the writer of "The Admiral and the Lieutenant." After many years I again refer enquirers to the office of the *Broad Arrow* for the name of the writer.

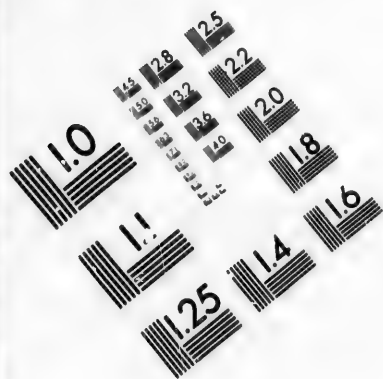
THE ADMIRAL AND THE LIEUTENANT.

AN ENGLISH JOURNAL ON THAT UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT AT THE HALIFAX ADMIRALTY HOUSE.

[From the *Broad Arrow*.]

THERE is an unwritten law of the dining-table which commands the host to condone the weakness of the guest. It is a law that cuts two ways, since it is equally applicable to the foibles of the host himself. Indeed, it is one of those beneficent customs which, like the modern ulster, is eminently convenient. Guests are privileged persons, as is shown by the fact of the "Ruler of the Queen's Navee" himself teaching Captain Corcoran, of "H. M. S. Pinafore," to dance a hornpipe upon the cabin table. Of course something must be allowed to the difference of rank of the relative officers. The King is above suspicion, saith the adage, and Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., might invite his flag captain to share with him the delicious emotions of the hornpipe without any offence being done to the etiquette of the service. Sir Joseph might do it "officially" or "unofficially" and the result would be the same. The fact is, the incident was the consequence of an after-dinner pleasantry. The dinner-table is a commonwealth, where all men become equal for the time being, where the wine passes freely, and an empty glass is a sign that the guests are keenly sensible to the virtues of the host's cellar. If in these convivial circumstances, this republic of festivity, a lieutenant should, in an access of *bon hommie*, pledge his admiral, or even challenge him to some feat of skill, that which would certainly become a breach of etiquette upon the quarter-deck becomes a mere emulous pleasantry when indulged at the hospitable board.

Now, we do not know whether a Lieutenant, after dining, not wisely, but too well, at Admiralty House, Halifax, N. S., proposed that Admiral Inglefield and he should have a turn on the dining-room table. It is, however, certain, that if any such proposal were made, Admiral Inglefield



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did not take it quite so pleasantly as Captain Corcoran is reported to have done. Admiral Inglefield, as we all know, is one of the most estimable of commanders and indulgent of hosts, and, therefore, the little *contretemps*, of which a few racy particulars have flitted eastward across the autumn seas, must have been marked by circumstances of peculiar atrocity. The story is told briefly as follows: It appears that a Lieutenant of one of the ships was invited to dine with the Commander-in-Chief at his official residence at Halifax, and while at the table he is said to have shown signs of having imbibed too freely. Charges were directed to be framed, together with an application for his trial by court-martial for this offence, and tried he was, the sentence being reduction to the very bottom of the list of the rank, and dismissal from his ship. It is said that the sentence was carried out, and that the officer is now in England, and knocking loudly at the doors of "My Lords" of the Board of Green Cloth in Whitehall. The story is a remarkable one, and in the name of the roast beef of Old England we desire to hear more. We may assume that Admiral Inglefield must have been hard put to it before he permitted his hospitality to be overshadowed by this heavy sentence upon an officer who sat at his table? What could the officer have done? Could he have suggested the dancing of a hornpipe upon the Admiralty table? Could he have ventured to dispute with the Admiral upon the philosophy of the cat? Is it possible that he hinted that promotion was slow, and that the "poor Lieutenant" had many wrongs to be redressed? May we assume that he "old fellow'd" the Admiral and "old boy'd" the Admiral's Flag Captain, or suggested that the Admiralty port was a little brackish; or, failing to commit any direct offence against the etiquette of the service, he simply transgressed against modern usage by going to sleep in his chair, and slipping under the table? In any event, the offence, no doubt, was unpardonable; but, then, what about the sacred laws of hospitality? Many admirals have entertained their juniors at dinner; many bottles of fine old "ditto" have been consumed, and the guests, one after another, have hiccupped their farewell of the gallant host, and nothing resulted from it worse than a bad head in the morning.

We frankly admit that a decided change has taken place in the *morale* of our dinners, especially our official and state dinners. We dine *a la Russe*. The host and his guests are at the mercy of the servants. Still, there is a period when things drift back to their old accustomed state, when the walnut stage is reached. Then it is that the half glasses of sherry

and frothy goblets of soulless champagne, administered in homœopathic doses, are superseded by the reality of decanters, which are permitted to circulate freely. Whether that unhappy Lieutenant belonged to the genus "bottle stopper" we cannot say, nor would it be fair to assume that he did. Once upon a time an eminent Conservative statesman, during the career of the late Government, arose to speak after dining moderately. His utterances were strangely thick, and his manner was decidedly queer. The attention of the House was attracted by the unwonted eloquence of the right hon. gentleman, and it turned out eventually that the illustrious statesman had partaken of turtle soup and claret, and had sought in a misguided moment to soothe his troubled stomach by "six of Irish hot." It is possible that "official" sherry is different in degree from the sherry of vulgar mortals. It is a safe deduction in vinous philosophy that sherry which gets as far as such a place as Halifax, which crosses "that great sea and terrible, whence no man could hope to return," spoken of by Homer, which weathers the sub-zero temperature of the North American coast, must be nectar for giants, not common mortals. Henry Brougham records it as a simple detail in the daily current of the lives of the men of his day, how he went forth while the shadow of night still slept upon the earth and shot snipe, yet he had dined the evening before as a gentleman should dine, putting three bottles of hard port away, and finishing up with a pint of "peat reek." Perhaps if Admiral Inglefield's lieutenants were seasoned to the hospitalities of Admiralty House, Halifax, they also could face their pint of "official" sherry without asking the Admiral to dance, or his "sisters and his cousins and his aunts" to fly with them across the seas. We do not regret that it is as it is. We are glad to think that the days of three bottle dinners are passing away, that it is no longer considered necessary to have a seasoned head to be thought a good fellow. Yet it opens a peaceful train of thought if an Admiralty dinner may be a means of stopping an officer's promotion by leading to his being court-martialled. We decline to subscribe to the belief that this is a new devilish scheme adopted by Mr. Smith for meeting and getting over the "Lieutenant grievance." At the same time we must say that if every gallant Admiral should at every dinner offer up a Lieutenant at the shrine of Bacchus, the order of promotion would soon be altogether to the comfort of the First Lord. That a Lieutenant should dine not wisely but too well, is not inconsistent with the sanguine temperament of that gallant class of British officers. The Admiral himself, in a sense, puts a premium upon conviviality. No

officer can, we presume, sit a dull, inactive listener to the pleasantries of the Commander-in-Chief. The wit of the gallant host is proverbially exhilarating, and chemists tell us that two sources of exhilaration cannot unite without delirium following. Moreover, no young officer could, we presume—at least as loyal citizens we hope he could not—eat his dinner and drink his wine without recalling to his mind the existence of the Queen, and the other loyal and patriotic toasts. We do not know if, at the State dinners at Admiralty House, Halifax, toasts are eschewed. If they are, that is Admiral Inglefield's affair, and it must be settled between that gallant officer and his own conscience. But he cannot surely complain if, in obedience to his loyal sense of duty, a Lieutenant should mutually drink "the usual loyal and patriotic toasts" in "official port." Such an officer would drink to the Queen and the Navy. If he be an officer who has had the advantage of a religious training, he would naturally drink a toast to the Bishop and Clergy. The hope of promotion would prompt him to drink a bumper also to the happiness of the "First Lord;" and he would be an ingrate, indeed, if he was to forget to pledge his host. Admirals and full fledged Captains may perhaps think the Queen *only* should have a toast, and that the First Lord would be sufficiently honored if he were toasted in a "heel tap;" the Bishop and Clergy, and all foreign institutions of that kind being left out in the cold. But if the young officers think otherwise, assuredly they may not be blamed. These are a few of the reflections which naturally suggest themselves to the mind of the loyalist and cosmopolitan. We should be sorry to see our Admirals encouraging "heavy nights." At the same time, it becomes a matter of the most serious nature if an Admiral's table may lead to one of the Admiral's guests being tried by court-martial on a charge of intoxication, at which the Admiral has, in a sense, assisted. If a peril like this has to be faced by every officer who accepts the hospitality of the Admiral of the station, the sooner Sir Wilfred Lawson comes to the rescue the better it will be for all concerned.

Meanwhile, we understand that the Judge Advocate General is to have the privilege of reviewing the judgment of the Court which has come down so heavily upon this unhappy Lieutenant. We think something is due in the way of explanation to Admiral Inglefield as well as the Lieutenant who has suffered so woefully from his hospitality, and we hope to hear more of the very funny story from the North American Station.

ANON.

To me the incident commemorated by the following article, printed in the *Chronicle* many years ago, was most amusing. A certain lawyer made serious application for an injunction against the city of ——. Its bankers would not, or could not, advance the money necessary to the conduct of civic affairs, and the people talked of bankruptcy and of the property of tax-payers being seized to pay debts contracted by the Aldermen—past and then present. I wonder if the Dominion of Canada will, in years to come, be seized for debt.

QUEERBOROUGH'S BANKRUPTCY.

How interesting it would be, every now and then, to get a list of things which everyone believes and nobody says; and another list of things which everyone says and nobody believes. —*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

VERY few of the inhabitants of Queerborough knew what an injunction resembled, but they felt that one of these covered a fair slip of God's earth. The little township of Queerborough was bankrupt. That is to say, if a state of indebtedness from which there seemed to be no immediate relief was sufficient reason for throwing a town into bankruptcy, Queerborough was considered by some of her wise men—the town councillors—to be thus hopelessly bogged in debt and difficulty. It may not have occurred to these perplexed controllers of the public purse that there are and have been always occasions in the lives of the world's wealthiest men when a sudden and pressing demand for *ready* money would have found them unprepared and unable to respond to the most earnest appeal. It is quite possible that the richest man in rich Queerborough could recall a time when, if some angry creditor had accosted him in the street and required *instant* payment of a paltry and forgotten debt, the fact of Mr. Dives having left his wallet in his "other small clothes" would have rendered his arrest by the impatient tradesman, however regrettable, quite within the bounds of probability.

Such was the condition of little Queerborough. Although no one presumed to doubt its ability to pay its just debts, and also to buy up all the surrounding towns, if the necessary time was allowed wherein to raise the purchase money, the annual demands of its creditors found the civic exchequer in such a state of unpreparedness that it became actually necessary, for the sake of Queerborough's good name at home and abroad, that a loan be negotiated with some one of the too numerous money-lending firms to whom such a transaction would be a capital investment for much of their hoarded treasure.

But for the first time in the history of Queerborough her credit was questioned. In vain strove her venerable councillors to convince the obdurate money lender, who had hitherto smilingly proffered assistance in similar straits, that the resources and wealth of the town were boundless, that the refusal of a little ready money was absurd on the part of so shrewd and sensible a man of business. A *panicky* feeling had set in, a spirit of carefulness was abroad, and Queerborough, wallowing in assets enough to satisfy a family of Rothschilds, yet felt the fingers upon her throat, and heard the cry of impatient bond-holders, "Pay us what thou owest." Her wise men, the venerable fathers of Queerborough, assembled in special and solemn conclave to consider the situation. The feeling of uneasiness which prevailed the community was visible in the anxious, careworn faces of her grey-bearded *silent* Aldermen.

The solemnity of the hour caused those present to forget the dignity and official stateliness of manner which had from time immemorial characterised the proceedings of Queerborough's Council. Each representative of the poor taxpayers felt that plain and unvarnished speech was necessary. Councillor Waterproof, an authority upon all questions of finance, made a brief statement of the income and outgo of the township, and moved that another effort be made to soften the heart and open the money bag of the borough's banker. But Councillor Caw opposed the motion, and insisted upon a strict enquiry into the cause of the deficiency in the public funds, and a more thorough system of collecting the taxes and rates. "Let us," said he, "hand down the Municipal money chest, and see if we cannot convert the contents into a sufficient sum to save the borough from this continual borrowing." This resolution was acted upon, but the examination revealed nothing likely to cheer the drooping spirits of those present, nor in any way calculated to meet the pressing demands of creditors and public officials clamouring for pay long past due. Some loose change, a plan of a new Town Hall, some receipted bills for moneys expended upon public entertainment of distinguished visitors, and a note of hand (for uncollected taxes), which had been so frequently renewed that the name of the original endorser had been lost or forgotten—were the assets of Queerborough at the time of which I write. There was nothing in all this likely to cheer the heart of Queerborough's Mayor, and *he* even heaved a sigh of resigned relief when Councillor Oldbacon, who had devoted many years of his life to laboring for the commonwealth, suggested that if the town was forced

to make an assignment he would consent to act as the assignee, a position he was eminently qualified to fill. Alas, poor Queerborough! Already the gloomy imaginations of the more ignorant among her people pictured the sufferings and woe resultant from municipal bankruptcy. No gas, no water, no coroner to hold an inquest over those of Queerborough's citizens who happened to be waylaid, robbed, and murdered in the dark streets. No policemen to patrol the highways and watch over the morality of ratepayers through windows and key-holes, and not even a magistrate to enliven the dreary columns of daily newspapers with records of Justices' justice. No, nothing. But just as Queerborough's cup of anguish "o'er began to swim," a few words of advice from a cool, practical citizen, who had seen the reports of the stormy debate in which Councillors Bailey, Yarney, Oldbacon, Caw, Waterproof, and companions had taken active part, enabled the Mayor to lift and empty the goblet of bitterness. This citizen suggested that, although Mr. Scareamic was unwilling to make further advances, there was another money-lender quite satisfied of Queerborough's stability, and ready and willing to provide ready cash to meet all requirements.

This ended the trouble. But to this day Queerborough's financial difficulties are pointed to as an instance of the alarm which may be caused by thoughtless and indiscreet cries of "wolf," and many now living are often heard to express surprise at the unnecessary fear which came upon the people, a fear as groundless as that which is so cleverly depicted by the American humorist in "The Storm upon the Canal," where those in danger of shipwreck were miraculously saved by the action of the man who suddenly bethought him of a plank, upon which all walked ashore in safety.

Many years have passed since little Queerborough groaned under this black cloud of financial ruin and distress. Her children now make the grand public squares and vacant lots echo to the merry sound of music and of dance. But when discussing civic affairs at street corners, her old men still mumble out among themselves the story of the "injunction."

MEMORIES.

LIFE was just opening for me when, in the summer of 1871, I landed from the Allan steamer *North American* at Halifax. I can recall my delight upon discovering, when leaving Liverpool, that among our passengers we could number the celebrated Renforth crew, then on their way to meet the equally famous Paris crew, of St. John, N. B. Many of my readers are familiar with the history of that race. Renforth, the champion oarsman of the period, fell back dying or dead in the boat when the race was but half completed. But, in the regatta at Halifax a few weeks later, his companions—Kelly, Chambers, Percy, and Bright—made an effort to regain lost laurels, and, although defeated, had the pleasure of seeing England's colors to the fore in the aquatic world for almost the last time. Whether the Taylor-Winship crew would have carried off the biggest prize of that Carnival had the Pryor crew, of Halifax, been properly boated, is not for me to determine.

That I was permitted to witness such boat racing as that of 1871 will always be a pleasant memory, now that professional boat racing is in such evil repute.

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Here, in my den, are pictures recalling an event of a far different nature—the wreck of the *Atlantic*. Who among the residents of Halifax, at the time when the news of that awful disaster reached the city, can forget the thrill of horror that convulsed us when the worst was known. I wonder if my companions of that ride to Prospect have preserved mementoes, as I have, of our melancholy journey. One of my fellow horsemen is now well on the road to a Judgeship, and still remains a warm friend of mine. The other is, like the writer, among the less distinguished citizens of the world. I can sit back in my chair this evening and see our trio of horsemen returning to Ainsley's stables, saddened by the sight of hundreds of the drowned passengers of the ill-fated *Atlantic* stretched out on the rocks, awaiting burial. As I think thereof, my dear Graham, every bone in my body aches again in sympathy with my sufferings during the last five miles of that awful ride.

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And here in a pigeon-hole of my desk is a memento of a very different journey—a pamphlet entitled “Eastward, Ho!” being some account of a visit to England in the year of the Paris Exhibition, 1878. The companions of that voyage are scattered now. Good Bishop Binney has joined the great majority.

“God’s finger touched him, and he slept.”

Colonel Mackinlay is still hale and hearty; Henry Romans is also living; Captain Haley is serving his country in some other clime; Kelsey, of the Flagship, has not re-appeared on the North American station.

These were some of the merriest of our company during that voyage; and, if any now living in Halifax know of the whereabouts of Clagett, Bagger the Dane, Sharpe, and others who figured in our Mock Trial and the Christy Minstrel Entertainment, I would like to hear thereof.

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And now I have unearthed reports of many a jolly dinner, and many a pleasant outing with the Officers of the 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers. I wonder if Arthur Curren, Byron Weston, Jack Howard, and others of the friends of those days are blessed with the ability to enjoy things as I do “all over again.” Here is the account of that “Battle of Sussex,” to which I travelled as a special war correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*. Does the good-natured Surgeon of the 66th, Dr. Slayter, remember giving me *half* (good Cæsar’s ghost) his berth in the Pullman? I little thought then that a few years later I should accompany some of the “66th” as far as Montreal on their more serious expedition to the North-West. I started on that trip in a similar capacity—as special correspondent, and perhaps Adjutant Kenny can bear witness to my willingness to share danger as I shared pleasure in the company of my old comrades of the Volunteers. But I was not enrolled, and had to return to my duty elsewhere.

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What is this? A list of those who assisted the Artists of the Royal Canadian Academy to make their Exhibition in Halifax a success. I was Secretary of the Local Committee, and have many souvenirs of how un-

pleasant a Secretaryship can be made when committeemen are idle. But the outcome of that Exhibition was the commencement of a pleasant friendship with one who is now doing good work in Halifax, N. S., Mr. George Harvey, A. R. C. A., the leading spirit of the since-established Art School.

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Racing Programmes of many Bankers' Regattas! Some of the contestants in these are far away now, and many of them have climbed far higher in the Banking world than one whose ambition has passed away since he discovered how big a part in the struggle for supremacy is played by that indefinable element—Chance, Circumstance, Fate—call it what you will. But these photographs are apt to rekindle the old boating fever. Fred. Taylor, who stroked the Bank of Montreal boat to victory; Jack Lithgow, who, with Stavert, Thompson, and Greenwood carried the Bankers' colors to the fore past Thornvale in the best four-oared race of many regattas; Tracey, who made such an able "stroke" for a later crew of "Wanderers"; Duffus and Oxley, the Rice Lake canoeists, who made "Vagrant" realize that advancing years had diminished his endurance and curtailed the speed of his Rob Roy canoe; Stewart, whose work in the interests of the W. A. A. C. is deserving of praise.

These are pleasant memories to one who is now content to see others represent his Bank in contests demanding strength and youth. But, before I put away these relics of the yearly battles on the North-West Arm, let me look again at this group of contestants in the Regatta of 1879: Francklyn (now in New York); Galletly, now a Bank Manager; Meredith, and that prince of good-natured friends, Harry Mackenzie.

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And on the walls of my room are photographs of later well-known figures in the amateur athletic world of Halifax. George Tracey, smothered in medals and cups, who, in his quiet unpretending way, journeyed to New York, and, as a representative of the obscure Wanderers Club, ran with the most fleet-footed of America's runners, and returned to Halifax as "Champion of America." Bravo! Tracey.

Will Henry, central figure of the group of foot-ball players who maintain the fame of Halifax *running* and *tackling* when the United Service

attempt to regain their old-time supremacy. Probably no better all-round athlete than Will Henry has been known in Halifax for many years. For it is indeed a good man who can win special notice from the *New York Herald* when playing foot-ball for Harvard, and who can extort admiration for his fielding from Grace and the best of England's cricketers.

Why, my room is full of memories of the past, and, as the recollections of rowing, cricket, foot-ball, boxing, wrestling, and kindred sports and pastimes are revived by pen sketches and photographs, I begin to pardon myself for forcing these recollections on my readers.

